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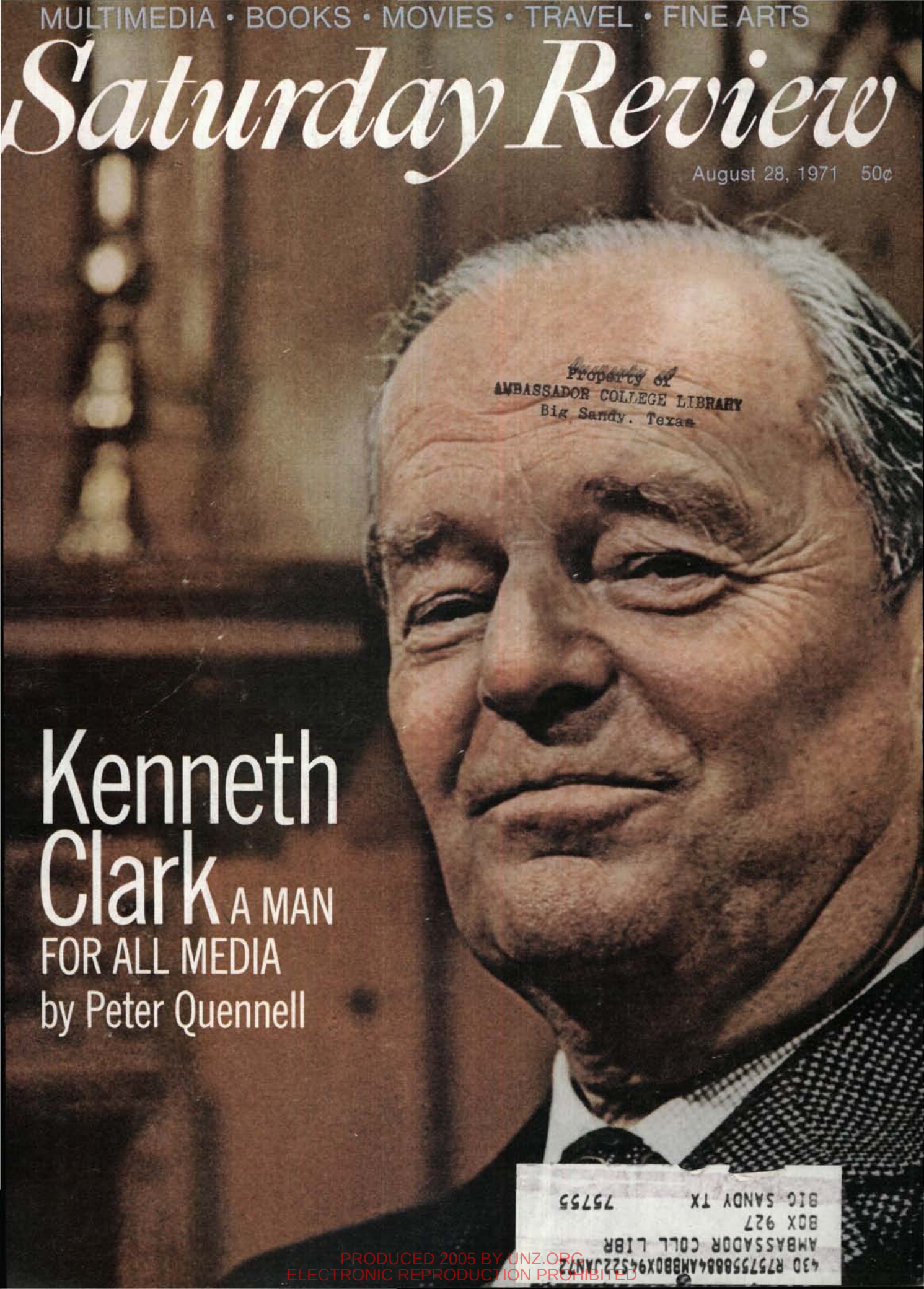
Saturday Review

August 28, 1971 50¢



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Kenneth Clark A MAN FOR ALL MEDIA

by Peter Quennell

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In your wallet, you'll know it's right.

Pinto 3-door Runabout. The rear seat folds forward to give you a carpeted cargo area that's five feet long. Holds golf clubs. Camp gear. Luggage. This new Pinto packs more fun than any import.

Pinto standard equipment includes: 4-speed floor mounted shift, 1 point 6 litre (75 hp) engine, rack and pinion steering, high-back bucket seats and over 30 Ford Lifeguard design safety features.

Here's the kind of value that'll give you a nice, satisfied feeling. The 2-door Pinto. Or new 3-door Pinto Runabout (left). Both are priced low like the small imports. And they averaged 25mpg in simulated city/suburban driving. But from there on in, Pinto is a lot more little car than the imports.

Pinto is a do-it-yourself car.

There are almost 40 jobs you can easily handle. Things like adding transmission fluid or changing the oil and oil filter. You can even do a simple tune up—adjust the carburetor or replace spark plugs, condenser and distributor points if necessary.

You can pick up a do-it-yourself manual and tool kit when you pick up your Pinto. And get ready to save right away.

Pinto calls for far less scheduled maintenance than VW. One-half as many oil changes. One-sixth as many lubes. The brakes are self-adjusting. So, here again you save.

Overall, Pinto is designed to last longer. It has strong, beefy parts like rustproof steel-alloy brake lines. And five main engine bearings—the leading import has only four.

Where do you go from here? To your Ford Dealer's and a test drive. Five minutes behind the wheel will tell you. Pinto's right.

Pinto

Better idea for safety: Buckle up.

PINTO Ford

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Read 50% faster in only two weeks

Put a finger on your lips while reading this sentence: *People who read rapidly absorb more and remember more too.*

Did you notice any lip movement?

Place a finger on your throat and read: *The art of efficient reading is acquired through practice.*

Perhaps you felt your Adam's apple move. Or a quiver in your vocal cords.

This is called "subvocalizing"; that is, unconsciously forming words with your lips or in your throat. It's one of several common reading faults that keep most adults from reading faster than today's average eighth grader.

Poor reading habits like this may be cutting your reading speed in half. They may be depriving you of half the books you want to read...half the professional material you ought to be covering. If your school-age children have the same faults, they may be taking twice as long to cover their work—or managing only half of it.

The pity is that with a little practice at home you could correct these faults and vastly improve your reading ability... through the new Book-of-the-Month Club Reading Improvement Program, sponsored by Rutgers University.*

In fact, you could be reading 50% faster in only two weeks.

Rapid readers retain more

Do you frequently find yourself forgetting things you've read only hours or even minutes before? Names in a news story, for example. Or the contents of a memorandum. Or the quotable line in a book you just put down.

Surprisingly enough, this may happen because you read *too slowly*. Actual tests show that when you read slowly, both your eyes and your mind tend to wander. Your concentration slackens. With rapid reading, however, attention is focused on the page, and concentration is greatest. Once considered superficial skimmers, rapid readers score consistently higher not only in speed but in comprehension and retention as well.

Try it at home—free

Mail the coupon below, and you may use the program for two weeks at home, without cost or obligation. See how easily you can correct the faults that may be holding you back...how quickly you can increase your speed, comprehension and retention.

You'll be working with the most advanced materials and techniques, including a remarkable aid called the *Reading-Pacer*. (There is no charge for this $50 precision instrument if you complete the course.) Now standard equipment in thousands of schools and reading clinics, the Pacer has proved to be the best device available for training the eye to read at ever-increasing speeds.

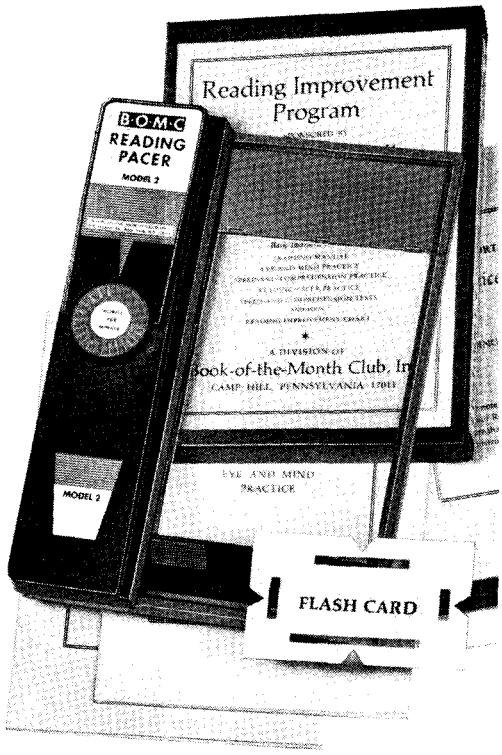
Go on to double or triple your speed

If you're happy with your progress, and wish to continue the course, you can go on to double your reading speed, and possibly triple it. Practicing only fifteen minutes a day, you will learn:

- How to find which of seven "brakes" may be holding you back and eliminate them
- How to digest the contents of a 58-page newspaper in twenty minutes
- How to take advantage of your mind's uncanny ability to *anticipate* words
- How to take in more words at a glance (right now you are probably managing only one-fourth of what you could do)
- How to "skip read"—an invaluable aid for digesting trade and technical matter
- How "previewing" a non-fiction work by examining its table of contents and index can help you read it in half the time
- How to speed through especially difficult material: financial treatises, legal documents, tax forms, etc.

These techniques can save you precious hours in getting through the heavy daily reading every professional faces. In fact, more than 100,000 people—including executives, students, families studying together — have taken the course with excellent results.

*During its seven-year development, this program came to the attention of Rutgers University. A committee of five reading experts from the Rutgers staff reviewed the program's content, and as a result of their report the University decided to become official sponsor of the project.



The $50 Reading-Pacer trains and compels your eyes to read at accelerating speeds. It is yours free if you complete the course.

Mail coupon today for a free trial

Let us send you the first portfolio of the program for two weeks' free trial. We'll also send the $50 Reading-Pacer under separate cover. If at the end of two weeks you are not reading 50% faster—or do not wish to continue for any reason — return the materials, and pay nothing.

If you decide to continue, we'll bill you only $5.75 (plus a charge for postage and handling) for the first portfolio and the same amount for each of the twelve remaining portfolios as they are sent. (There is an additional mailing charge for the Reading-Pacer.)

Please note: This ad is 837 words long. Most Americans would have spent about four minutes reading it—at a speed slightly higher than an eighth grader's. If you think it took you even half that, it would be a good idea to mail the coupon today.

Reading Improvement Program
Administered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
280 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017 **1-Y166-8-1**

Please send me the first portfolio of the Reading Improvement Program for two weeks' free trial. At the same time send me the Reading-Pacer, without charge, in a separate package. If at the end of the trial my reading speed has not increased by 50%—or if I do not wish to continue the course for any reason—I may return the materials, with no further obligation. If I decide to continue, you will bill me $5.75 (plus a charge for postage and handling) for the first portfolio and the same amount for each of the twelve remaining portfolios as they are sent. (There is an additional mailing charge for the package containing the Reading-Pacer.) I understand there will be no separate charge for the Reading-Pacer (retail value $50) if I complete the course, but if at any time after the two-week trial period I decide not to continue, I will pay a third of the Pacer's retail value, namely $16.66, at the time of my cancellation.

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....3

City & State.....*Zip*.....

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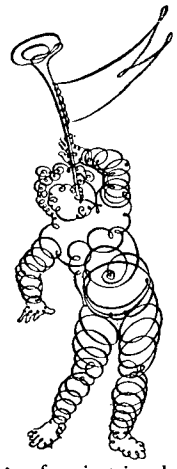

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The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028
Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed $2

Name _____

Address _____

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THEODORE M. BERNSTEIN, Assistant Managing Editor of the *New York Times*, and author of *Watch Your Language* and *The Careful Writer*, finds it "just about tops in the desk dictionary field. Its definitions are clear and concise, it is complete enough for the general user, it is discriminating in its usage guides and it is up-to-date without deciding that every today word is necessarily a forever word." WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE, Second College Edition, is "the best college dictionary I know."
—John Barkham, *Saturday Review Syndicate*.
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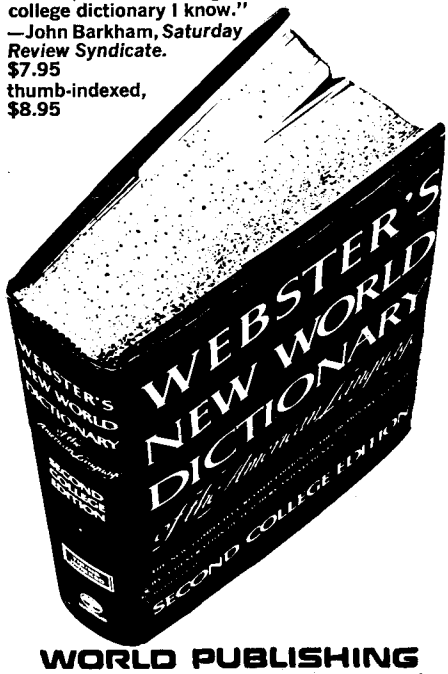

WORLD PUBLISHING
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Saturday Review

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by Peter Quennell

Cover photo: Luigi Pellettieri, NET

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Writer

THERE WAS this big feature story, complete with photographs, in *The New York Times* about a thriving business called Termpapers Unlimited. At first glance, it seemed to be about an outfit with headquarters in Boston, run by two young men, brothers, who sell term papers to college and university students.

At second glance, by golly, it turned out that's what it really was. My first thought was "Hey, guys, where were you when I needed you?" My second thought was "That's plagiarism." But that thought was dispelled when I read a statement by one of the brothers. Not plagiarism, he said.

"What the students purchase," he explained "is a photostatic copy, and they must retype it before they hand it in. In the retyping they can throw in their own material," he added.

That sent me to the dictionary. "Plagiarize," says this tattered, hidebound, moralistic, ten-pound book, "is to take, and pass off as one's own, the ideas and writings, etc., of another." It did not add "except when purchased from Termpapers Unlimited on photostats, which may be retyped by a student and passed off as his own, so that he can pass."

This is no underground, nefarious business. Termpapers Unlimited advertises in college papers throughout the country: ARE YOU CRAMPED FOR TIME? LET US HELP YOU.

"Cramped for time" means: Are term papers a bad scene keeping you from demonstrating, writing placards, taking trips, making love, writing home for money?

The brothers can help you—indeed, have already helped almost 10,000 students from coast to coast—at the rate of $3.50 a page for a term paper, averaging ten to twelve pages. Termpapers Unlimited doesn't guarantee A's—that would be "fraudulent advertising," they say—but it does claim the work turned out is of "high quality."

The papers are not written by the brothers, though they both are college men. They are written by moonlighting faculty members and graduate students who are paid $2 a page. Net profit to the brothers, $1.50 a page, or about $16.50 a term paper. Multiply that by the almost 10,000 buyers, and you can understand why the brothers have opened a branch office in Rutherford, New Jersey.

I assume that by now you are frowning on this demonstration of our free enterprise system. I just heard one of you say, "What's the world coming to?" You're pretty mad. I am too. But for a different reason from yours. When you hear it, you'll frown on me, too.

For many years, I have been writing term papers for a clientele that consists of several grade school nieces, some nephews, and a cousin; I even wrote one for a friend of a second cousin. My last term paper was for a niece in junior high school who phoned from Kansas to say she had to deliver an after-dinner speech and would I write it for her.

"What's the occasion of the dinner you're attending?" I asked.

"Oh, it's not a real dinner. We have to make the speech in class Monday morning. It has to be three minutes, and make it funny," she added.

And didn't I sit right down and write a speech that began "Unaccustomed as I am to after-dinner speaking before I've eaten dinner"? Yep. Three pages—at nothing a page. That is enterprise that is really free.

Multiply that by several dozen small relatives and a few young daughters and sons of business associates and you can put me down as a man who has contributed to the delinquency of juveniles. And I did it at nothing a page. Put me down for a schmo, too.

I did get a note from that niece in which she enclosed a copy of my speech graded by her teacher with an A. The note read: "We did very well, didn't we?" I tried to deposit the A at Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company. They refused it.

But not anymore. I'm cribbing a leaf from the photostat brothers. From here on out, all requests for these writing chores will have to be accompanied by the crackling din of piggy banks breaking open all through the Middle West.

This will not be plagiarism. I don't have a photostat machine, but from now on my clients will have to retype my scribbled, non-Spenserian notes. That's not easy. My longhand is very shorthand.

Example: I was once asked by a friend to co-sign a note for a $1,000 loan. I scrawled my name. Under occupation I scrawled "writer," under salary I wrote "$100,000 a year." (Old radio money.) The friend called to say the loan company turned me down as a co-signer. The reason they gave: "No waiter makes $100,000 a year."

"To begin with, gentlemen, we must stop thinking of Golda Meir as a Yiddishe Mama."

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

On the Street Where I Live

PAY attention now. I'm not going to repeat myself. I couldn't if I wanted to. The following information was put together as the result of unbelievably back-breaking research.

It started when I happened to notice the address label on a magazine to which I had recently subscribed. I am a convict in prison. And as everyone knows, every convict wears a prison number on his coat. Prison officials are mighty fussy about having this number on all magazines and newspapers that come into the prison.

Perhaps some girl clerk in the magazine subscription office did not know that I was a convict when she received my subscription. At any rate, I had filled out the coupon with my name and my number, which is #129-606, and the address, which is a P.O. box number. When my subscription started to arrive, it came addressed to me at 129 606th Street. I was immediately fascinated and naturally started an argument with the nearest convict over whether Chillicothe, Ohio, really was large enough to have a 606th Street. After a healthy period of excited controversy, I went to the prison library and consulted the map of Chillicothe in the telephone book. I found that Chillicothe didn't come anywhere near having 606 streets, or avenues, or ways, or alleys, or anything like it numbered in sequence. The best that this sleepy little town of 25,000 people could come up with was a 9th Street. Any further expansion of the numbered streets would bring down the wrath of the Mead Paper Company, which owned the land beyond 9th Street.

As long as I was in the library, I thought that I might as well find out which town in America, if any, had 606 numbered streets. I consulted the Post Office Zip Code Directory, and what I found turned out to be some of the most fascinating and exciting reading I have done in years.

The next time you are stranded by a blizzard in the mountains and are lost for something to do, spend several days browsing through the enormous U.S. Post Office Zip Code Directory. It beats the phone book by miles for interesting and unusual information.

After nine days and seventeen hours of research, I came up with the following breathtaking information.

Most towns and cities are not content to use just streets and avenues for their vehicle and pedestrian ways. In addition to streets and avenues, I found drives, boulevards, alleys, ways, lanes, roads, trails, courts, circles, places, calles, reals, traces, centers, loops, terraces, palis, accesses, rises, isles, points, levees, approaches, woods, arcades, ramps, turnpikes, crescents, hills, banks, heaths, heads, junctions, gardens, paths, villes, mews, washes, esplanades, piers, parkways, driveways, parks, routes, branches, pikes, walks, throughways, dells, plazas, squares, casas, clubs, views, bridges, roadways, ramparts, circuits, estates, downs, branches, brooks, beaches, pools, caves, islands, stations, crests, cliffs, manors, hills, rises, springs, groves, meadows, drafts, halls . . . and I must confess I didn't know there were so many ways to say street in the English language.

I found that the city fathers in most towns were very resourceful in giving directions. You could find a place by going north, south, east, or west. There were also upper and lower and inner and outer streets, avenues, drives, boulevards, alleys, ways, and . . . well, you know what I mean.

The American championship for the highest numbered street goes to 326th Street in Toledo, Ohio; and for the lowest top-numbered street, to 1st Street in Yonkers, New York. Honorary mention for pure quaintness goes to 56½ Street in Austin, Texas.

Almost every city I checked had a Main Street, North, South, East, or West. A lot of cities had a Sunrise and Sunset Street. But only Rhododendron, Oregon, had a Zig Zag Road, which is probably straight. (San Francisco's Straight Street is crooked.) I found a bit of ancient pornography Hawaiian style in Hala Drive in Honolulu. The word is Polynesian for an intimate part of the male body.

Nothing could have prepared me for the pleasant surprise of finding such delightful and eye-catching street names as Road of Remembrance, in Jackson, Mississippi; Singing Hills Drive, in El Paso, Texas; Hurricane Road, in Portland, Maine; Santa Claus Lane, in Cincinnati, Ohio; or Snug Harbor Lane, in Newport News, Virginia.

I can heartily recommend the U.S. Post Office Zip Code Directory for leisure-time reading and for family fun. There must be a million games that can be played with it. I never tired of discovering interesting places such as Young America, Minnesota; Acme, Michigan; Seven Stars, Pennsylvania; and Mad Heights, Michigan.

But what really caught my eye was Stonesthrow Road, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where, by the way, there is a Mary Street, but no Joseph or Jesus Street. There is a Lamb Street and a Starview Lane. I couldn't find a Stable Street, Lane, Avenue, Boulevard, Path, Way, Road, Trail, Court . . . oh, well . . . read the Zip Code Directory for yourself.

—LOU TOROK.

"I think we're lost."

My Backward Youth

WHEN I was in high school, there was a fad that, in this present age of fads, I think we might bring back. What we did in the early Twenties was to call each other by our names spelled backward. I, for instance, was Drahcir Ruomra. I rather liked it. It had a romantic sound, a suggestion of Czech

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or Persian or, anyhow, the language of people more exotic than my own family, who had arrived from Scotland three generations back. The Ruomra slid off my tongue easily enough, but I had a little trouble with the Drahcir, not being sure whether to pronounce the "c" as a "k" or a "ch." At any rate, since I was unsure myself, I didn't correct others.

My best friend was Rehpotsirhc Nospmoht. His first name was harder to say than mine, but since we had always called him Chris before, we settled for Sirhc, which wasn't too bad except for that "h." I think my girl friend, Arabrab, had the prettiest first name in the class, and this helped, because she was only the third prettiest girl. I would just as soon forget her last name, which was Skrap.

Though we never called him that to his face, among ourselves our principal was Mr. Terfmop, and it somehow seemed to fit him. On the other hand, we liked the name of our chemistry teacher, Mr. Swett, too much to change it to Ttews. Besides, we couldn't figure out how to pronounce those two "t"s unless we stuttered a little, which is what we would have done if necessary.

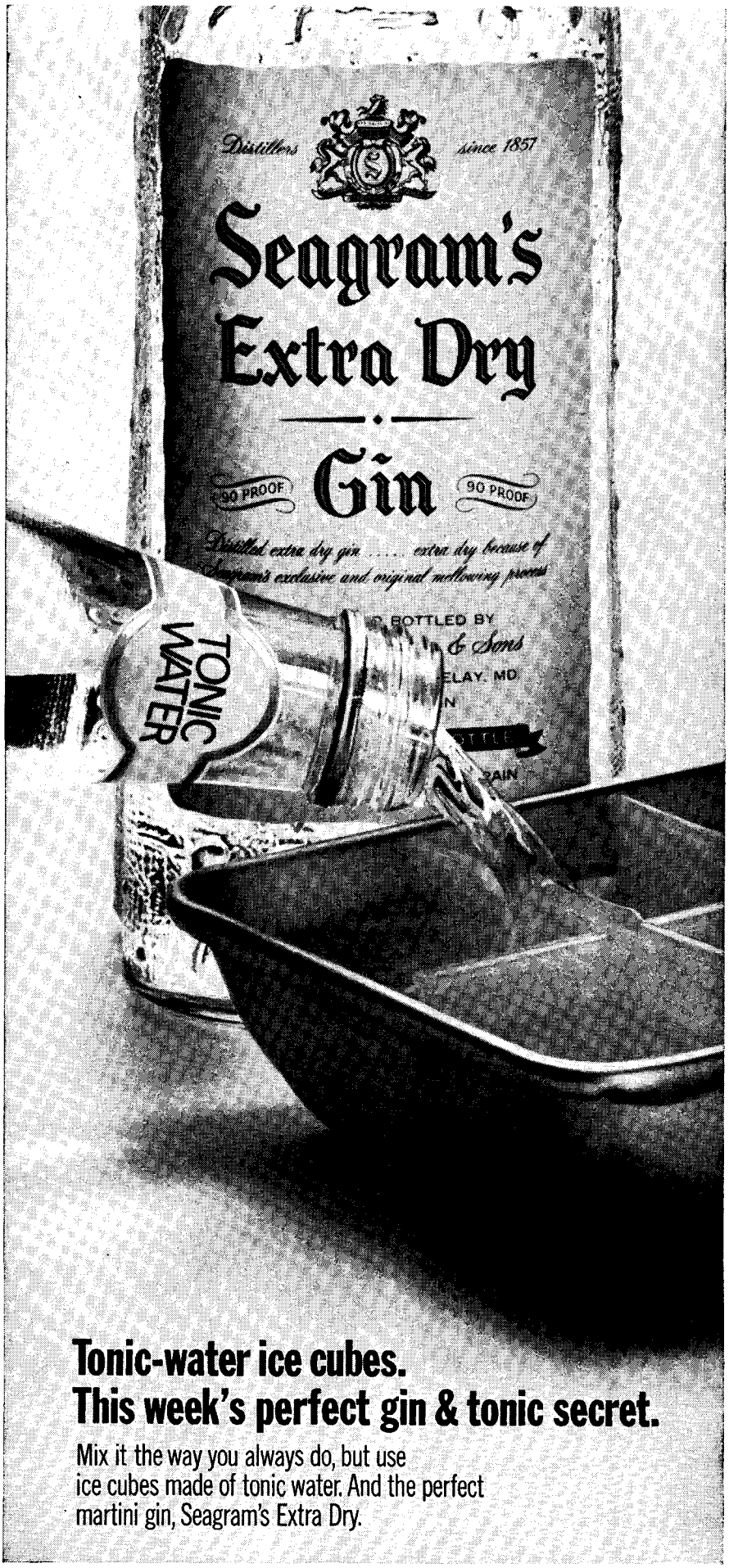
One way we got through American history, where our teacher was an old maid named Miss Retneprac, was to spell the names of the Presidents backward, starting with Egroeg Notgnihsaw and coming up to the President then in office, Nerraw Leilamag Gnidrah.

I was especially interested in President Gnidrah, because I visited Washington one summer with my parents and we managed to hook onto a party of visiting Elks and I shook his hand. "How do you do, President Gnidrah," I said, and he said, "Pleased to meet you," which is exactly what he said to the man in line just ahead of me. I had not intended to call him Gnidrah, but had got into the habit in history class and just couldn't help it. Fortunately, he didn't seem offended and may not even have heard me, because I was very small in those days and so was my voice.

Of all the Presidents, I liked Klop best, but, of course, more for his name than for his achievements. I knew Maharba Nlocnil was the greatest, or at least our teacher said so. Actually, I preferred the Presidents with short names, Smada, Relyt, and Tfat. Tfat, our teacher told us, weighed 330 pounds, so if he wasn't the greatest President, he was the heaviest and the best named. The hardest to handle was YelniKcM, which I never did learn to pronounce; that "KcM" kept throwing me.

I wish Noxin had been President back in those days, with a Vice President named Orips Wenga.

—RICHARD ARMOUR.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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Weather Report of the Week—as found by Sue and Dick Ohler of East Aurora, New York, in the Buffalo *Evening News*:

> Thursday thru Saturday:
> Mistly sunny and cook

Sunday through Wednesday, we presume, clean and shine.

Meanwhile, James McFerrin of Kansas City located, in the Westport (Missouri) *Reporter*, a remarkably genteel way of trying to get a maid:

> RETIRED gentleman who refuses to live with either of two married daughters has two-bedroom house and is a terrible cook and housekeeper. Want: widow who wants nice home to live in—in honor and complete probity. Hoped-for result! Widower gets better-cooked meals and a more comfortable home with a friendly face to look at and widow gets nice free home.

Object: parsimony. Finally, Penn Vandervoort of Pacific Grove, California, came up with our Letter of the Week—one which she found in the Monterey *Peninsular Herald*:

> Editor, The Herald:
> I have been so impressed with two healers who had services in Carmel and in San Jose recently that I want to share with your readers some of my experiences which were truly amazing. Rev. Willard Fuller and his wife, Amelia, have a healing ministry not connected with any church. Although credited with all kinds of healings, the Fullers have been best known for healings of dental needs.
> What occurred in Carmel and San Jose these past weeks seemed unbelievable Beautiful gold fillings appeared in the mouths of people who never had gold in their mouths before. Crooked teeth were straightened. One man in the Carmel service had four gold teeth appear in the back of his mouth where no teeth had existed earlier.
> An elderly man in San Jose had a full set of new teeth erupting through his gums. A grandmother brought a little girl who had five black cavities, and when the child opened her mouth for Brother Fuller's inspection, all of her teeth were perfect.

Cavity emptor, we say.

This Saturday, August 28, will be a big day in the post-life of Miss Emily Dickinson—whose publication career is surely the strangest and most controversial in American letters. Although only seven poems were published in Miss Dickinson's lifetime (1830-1886)—a total of 155 lines—approximately 1,500 of her poems are now known to exist.

In any case, this Saturday will see an Emily Dickinson commemorative stamp issued—one designed by Bernard Fuchs from the daguerreotype made of Miss Dickinson in 1848 at age seventeen, and the only known photograph of her. Also this weekend, Amherst, Massachusetts, the home of Miss Dickinson, is celebrating it all with a Thursday evening talk by Yale's Professor Richard Sewall (who has been working for a score of years on a book about the Dickinson family), with a Friday night reading of Miss Dickinson's poems and letters by actress Mildred Dunnock, and by a Saturday morning official stamp act ceremony.

The irony of all this is that while Amherst has the poems, Harvard, of all places, has the copyright on them. If you wish to print an Emily Dickinson poem, you must get Harvard's permission and pay Harvard a fee and then credit both Amherst and Harvard.

For an answer to the why of all this, we are indebted to the charming Polly Longworth, wife of the president of Hampshire College, a poetess in her own right and the author of a fine teenage biography, *Emily Dickinson—Her Letter to the World* (Crowell). After Miss Dickinson's death, it seems, her sister Lavinia took the poems next door to sister-in-law Sue Dickinson to get them published. Sue, however, dallied, so Lavinia, who wasn't getting on too well with Sue anyway, took them back and handed them over to friend and neighbor Mabel Todd, the young wife of an Amherst astronomy professor and, as it later turned out, Sue's rival for the affection of Sue's husband, Austin Dickinson.

Mrs. Todd copied the poems (Miss Dickinson's handwriting was difficult), and the volumes began appearing—in 1890, 1891, and 1896. Then, when Austin Dickinson died, a court case developed. Sue, it seems, sued—or, rather, she got her sister-in-law Lavinia to sue Mrs. Todd over some land Austin Dickinson had left to Mrs. Todd. Got it now? Well, all right, keep going. Sue's suit won, but Mrs. Todd, who lost, really won—because she never gave back the poems. These, in time, her daughter gave to Amherst.

Meanwhile, back at the Dickinson ranch, Sue, who also had retained a lot of Emily's poems (some actually were variations of those in Mrs. Todd's possession), also began publishing—and these, in time, via *her* daughter, went to Harvard.

One gentleman who won't be present at the Dickinson doings this Saturday is a man named John Evangelist Walsh. Mr. Walsh, the author of a new book, *The Hidden Life of Emily Dickinson* (Simon & Schuster), believes that Emily Dickinson was—now hold your hat—a copycat. "How did this secluded spinster," he asks, "who lived the last twenty years of her life as a recluse, manage to see so deeply into love?" According to Mr. Walsh, she didn't—she borrowed, heavily and deeply and even systematically, taking and reshaping thoughts from where she could, not only generally—from Emerson, Hawthorne, Charlotte Brontë, *et al.*—but, when it came to a poem such as Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Aurora Leigh," actually linearly. "I don't think there's anything in the world wrong with what she did," Mr. Walsh told us. "The only thing wrong is trying to make a major poet out of her."

Mr. Walsh believes that his thesis about Miss Dickinson explains the other Dickinson mysteries—why she withheld publication of her poems in her own lifetime and even why she refused to see people. She was, he maintains, actually afraid that she would be exposed.

Although his book is carefully documented and has had some extremely favorable reviews, Mr. Walsh has no illusions that he will not feel the wrath of the legion of Dickinson fans. "She is," he told us, "the one figure in American literature who inspires the kind of sanctified atmosphere which has always surrounded her."

As for ourself, we refuse to take sides, preferring bravely to take refuge behind our favorite Dickinson lines:

> How dreary—to be—Somebody!
> How public—like a Frog—
> To tell your name—the livelong
> June—
> To an admiring Bog!

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1950)

DONALD H. ROBINSON:
THE RAJ

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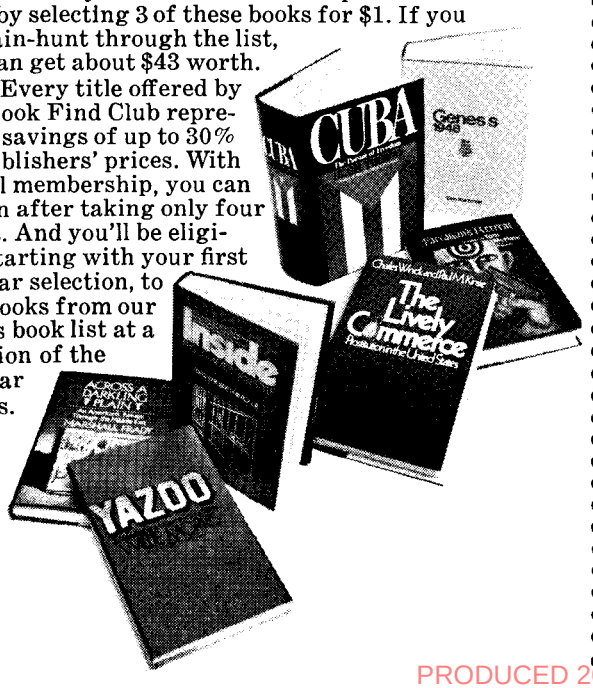

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Kenneth Clark A MAN FOR ALL MEDIA

by Peter Quennell

The grand mogul of televised culture as viewed by a longtime friend.

I have always regarded Kenneth Clark as an unusually equable, well-balanced man, but even he admits to having been astonished, now and then perhaps a little appalled, by the tremendous popular success of his recent television series. *Civilisation* was first shown to U.S. audiences in the fall of 1969 at special screenings sponsored by New York University and the Metropolitan Museum in New York and the National Gallery in Washington, D.C. In 1970, it ran for thirteen weeks on the approximately 210 stations of the Public Broadcasting Service group, winning a Peabody Award and receiving almost unanimous critical acclaim. In Great Britain it was presented twice, once on BBC 2, once on BBC 1, which reaches a larger, supposedly less highbrow audience; more than a score of foreign broadcasting stations, from Japan and Africa to Scandinavia, have acquired the reproduction rights. The book of the series, *Civilisation: a Personal View*, has received a similarly impressive welcome. Of the hardback editions, 240,000 copies have been sold in the United States and 145,000 in Great Britain; and the demand, its English publisher tells me, still shows no sign of falling off.

True, Kenneth Clark was not unused to success. After he left Oxford, the graph of his public career—as writer, lecturer, and administrator—had described a steadily ascending curve. To most of his fellow citizens, nevertheless, he remained a somewhat distant figure; he had developed nothing that, in the modern journalistic sense, could possibly be termed an "image." All that has changed. Today, not only his opinions and tastes but his appearance, mannerisms, and tricks of speech have become vividly apparent to several million men and women. *Civilisation* has traveled around the globe, carrying with it a closely detailed portrait—not necessarily a very accurate one—of its complex and elusive author.

At this point, I must declare my own interest. I first met Kenneth Clark when we were both undergraduates—he at Trinity College, Oxford; I, across the wall, at Balliol—about the year 1925. Since then, although there have been long periods during which we neither met nor corresponded, he is one of the few Oxford acquaintances I have invariably been glad to see again. But now that I come to assemble my impressions, it is odd to discover how many of them were based upon misunderstanding. I knew, for example, that the Clark family had had an affluent commercial background; and I supposed that Kenneth Clark had inherited his industrious habits from a sternly upright father, who, I imagined, might have taken a slightly critical view of his gifted son's artistic leanings.

I was entirely wrong. His father, Kenneth Clark informed me the other day, was the reverse of puritanical and not in any way industrious. The elder Clark had left school at the early age of fourteen and, after two or three years in the family business, had begun to lead the carefree life of an Edwardian man of pleasure, dividing his time among Scotland, where, naturally, he shot grouse, an estate in England, stocked with pheasants and partridges, and the opulent villa he had built in the South of France amid the umbrella pines of Cap Martin.

At nearby Monte Carlo, he indulged his lifelong passion for gambling, and it is said that more than once he "broke the bank." His wife, her husband's first cousin, put up with his taste for plutocratic pleasures. "My parents," says Kenneth Clark, "were two of the most irresponsible people I have ever known." Some of their contemporaries no doubt were richer; none, he thinks, can have been much more idle. During

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PETER QUENNELL is editor of the British monthly *History Today* and author of many books. He edited *Marcel Proust: A Centenary Volume*, to be published next month by Simon & Schuster.

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his lifetime, through sheer laziness and inattention to his affairs, the elder Clark managed to run through two-thirds of his inherited fortune.

That fortune had been founded by James Clark, the author's great-great-grandfather, a Scottish farmer from Renfrewshire, who invented the cotton spool in 1812 and later went into business as a successful manufacturer of thread. Kenneth Clark's father had abandoned control of the firm some while before his only son was born, but its revenues enabled him to live the life he preferred and to indulge a vein of personal eccentricity. He was what the English admiringly call "a character." His son relates how his father once decided that he should pay a visit to the parish church near his country house in England. But two or three minutes of the service proved to be quite enough; he immediately rose from his pew and unself-consciously strolled out.

In one of his least-known essays, "The Other Side of the Alde," published some eight years ago amid a collection of tributes to the composer Benjamin Britten, Clark has given us an illuminating account of his neglected, yet surprisingly happy childhood. It was spent for the most part at Sudbourne Hall, his father's big East Anglian house. There he lived, without companions of his own age, under the care of his devoted Scottish governess, a stalwart "daughter of the manse"; and there "my parents [he writes] arrived from Scotland in time for the first of October, when pheasant shooting begins," and thence they departed for Monte Carlo about the second week in January.

During those months, Sudbourne Hall was the scene of immense Edwardian *battues*, in which the boy, although he did not much appreciate this exhausting and, at times, "rather sickening" privilege, was presently allowed to take part. More enjoyable were the sights of the home-farm:

> The guests usually dispersed on Saturday, to avoid the tedium of Sunday; and my father then turned to the other Sudbourne specialty, his prime animals. They were Suffolk punches, Red Polled cattle, and "large black" pigs. . . . We visited the Suffolk punches on Sunday morning. . . . Their stables were dispersed about the park . . . and those dear animals, vast, gentle, perfectly proportioned, would emerge like folk dancers and do a few steps for us. Then they would go to my father for their reward—a minute peppermint . . . which made them sneeze but seemed to give them pleasure. I think that Suffolk punches provided my earliest experience of sculptural beauty. The memory of their full, compact shapes and silky brown surfaces . . . may still underlie my artistic judgments. I was also fond of the pigs known as "large blacks," and thus learnt early that *il bello è il caratteristico.*

—*Peter Campbell, BBC*

Kenneth Clark (left) during filming of "Civilisation"—"The technique of television was full of unsuspected possibilities."

When his parents had set out for Cap Martin, the little boy and his governess were once more left alone at Sudbourne. But, although his father neglected him in one sense, he did not neglect him in another. Far from looking down on his son's artistic interests, as soon as Kenneth had reached his seventh birthday, he generously encouraged them. He himself was a collector of the Barbizon School, but by some accident he gave his son an album of eighteenth-century *ukiyoye* that formed the basis of all his subsequent collections. Soon afterward the future collector invested in some original drawings by Hokusai, but his most important purchase, which he made as a schoolboy, was an ivory statuette—he still possesses it—in the manner of the sixteenth-century French court sculptor Germain Pilon.

For Kenneth Clark, as for other talented men, his school days were an unimportant period. At Winchester—a less aristocratic but more serious and hard-working school than Eton—he led a fairly pleasant life, although his housemaster, he says, disliked him because he felt that the scion of a family of thread manufacturers could not be a "gentleman" and frequently expressed his views. "Never again in *my* house," exclaimed this outrageous pedagogue, seated at his luncheon table between Kenneth Clark and the heir of a famous China merchant, "will I agree to have boys who are *the sons of tradesmen!*"

Finally, having won a history scholarship, Kenneth Clark went up to Oxford. In those days, between 1923 and 1928, Oxford was full of burgeoning literary talent. No fewer than four remarkable novelists-to-be—Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene, Henry Green, and Anthony Powell—were then in residence at various colleges. Among young men destined to become critics, historians, and essayists, we had, besides Kenneth Clark, Cyril Connolly, David Cecil, Richard Pares, and Harold Acton. Maurice Bowra, whose "liberating influence" Clark acknowledges, though no longer an undergraduate, was a brilliant young don.

Our intellectual ambitions were high; our moral standards, rather low. It was a disorderly period when drinking was heavy and personal extravagances were at a premium. We most of us

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"In Clark's character there is clearly an element of conflict that has helped to shape his style and method."

lived beyond our means; there were innumerable noisy parties, which sometimes overflowed into the Oxford streets, with ribald songs and raucous objurgations and the horrid noise of breaking glass. But, while we were most of us still in the throes of a protracted adolescence, Kenneth Clark set us a rare example of sobriety and self-possession.

From that stage, his career is copiously documented in the usual reference books. While he was at Oxford, during the course of his visits to the galleries of the Ashmolean Museum, he had become acquainted with its curator, C. F. Bell; and it was Bell, a "spiky" old character, who introduced Clark to Bernard Berenson. For two years, Clark and his young wife—in 1927, he had married a charming Oxford contemporary—occupied a house at the bottom of the Berensons' garden, where he studied Italian art and helped Berenson to produce his great definitive catalogue of Florentine drawings.

Once he had returned to England, he served as director of the Department of Fine Art at the Ashmolean Museum from 1931 to 1933, and as director of the London National Gallery—he was only thirty at the time of his appointment—from 1934 to 1945. After the war, when he was director of the Films Division and controller of Home Publicity at the Ministry of Information, he accepted the Slade Professorship of Fine Art at Oxford; he continued to lecture at Oxford until 1950, briefly resuming his functions between 1961 and 1962.

It is a remarkable record, and I have sometimes asked myself whether Clark should not have devoted more time to writing books and less to different forms of public service. I remember that I once suggested to him that he had inherited a nonconformist conscience; he agreed, saying that, although he longed to write, he was constantly being diverted by an inbred sense of obligation. Nowadays he regrets having lectured so much; yet, it was from the lectures he had previously delivered at Oxford that in 1949 he extracted his first great work of popular exposition, which he entitled *Landscape into Art. The Gothic Revival*, his first published book, an admirable essay of its kind, had appeared some twenty years earlier; most of his succeeding books had been addressed to a scholarly readership rather than to the educated rank and file.

In *Landscape into Art* he broke new ground—or perhaps it might be more accurate to say old ground with completely modern implements. Ruskin is a prophet Clark has always admired, and to the study of landscape painting, as afterward to the study of the human form in *The Nude*, he brought a Ruskinian belief that art, at its best, constitutes a living language, a means of communication that interprets and co-relates every aspect of our life on earth. Clark has inherited Ruskin's desire to instruct, but, unlike Ruskin, he is never inflamed by prejudice. Nor does he ever seem inclined to make unworldliness a moral virtue. The author of *Civilisation* is certainly a man of the world. He understands the world, appreciates its pleasures, and is a shrewd judge of its social standards.

Most works of art, if we examine them at all closely, prove to be the expression of an inward conflict; the writer, painter, or musician is usually a divided man. And in Clark's character there is clearly an element of conflict that has helped to shape his style and method. Evidently, I was wrong about his father, but I was right, I think, when I hazarded that he must possess a nonconformist conscience; I assume, therefore, that the strain of ancestral puritanism may have somehow skipped a generation, coming down to him straight from earlier members of his family.

Hence Clark derives, no doubt, an occasional touch of sternness and the uncompromising attitude he often adopts toward esthetic questions. I have not yet forgotten how, many years ago, when I had just spent a pleasant holiday in Venice, I spoke to him of a canvas that I had found particularly enjoyable—Carpaccio's picture of two Venetian courtesans seated on their sunlit balcony. I do not pretend to be an art critic; still less am I an art historian. What I had appreciated was the picture's literary charm—the glimpse that I imagined it gave me into the life of these stout and faded ladies, one enveloped in an air of professional lassitude, the other idly playing with her little dog. The enthusiasm I ventured to express, however, soon withered under expert scrutiny. "Very largely repainted," said Kenneth Clark, and there I thought it wise to let the matter rest.

Yet, the strain of austerity that runs through Clark's character is only part of a singularly complex pattern. I remember a second meeting, which took place in the National Gallery not long after the end of the last war, some time late in 1945, when its collections had not yet returned from storage and its doors were still shut. As a wartime employee of the BBC, I had been sent to interview Clark, and, while we stood talking in the empty front hall, a frieze of attractive young women began to unfold across the portico, beyond the enormous plate-glass windows—models posing for an open-air photograph, with fluid arms and floating draperies. I asked him if he approved of the gallery's being put to such a use. He said that he most certainly did—at the National Gallery, or anywhere else, we "couldn't have enough" of youth and beauty—and moved toward a window and the decorative scene beyond it, like a man, coming in from a cold day, moving gratefully toward an open fire.

I was often reminded of the incident described above when I turned the pages of his book on *Civilisation*. It is full of tributes to an aspect of life that Ruskin recognized but also feared and hated: the sensuous bloom of existence, the pagan beauty of the flesh, Watteau's feeling for "the transitoriness and, thus, the seriousness of pleasure." Even so unimportant an artist as Moreau le Jeune receives a word of commendation. Moreau, the author writes, in an artistic age when Chardin was the only man of genius, became one of those artists "who were content to record the contemporary scene, and so are still of interest to us after two hundred years—which artists who want to express themselves will not be." Moreau's view of life was essentially gay and frivolous. His drawings

> show us every hour in a young lady's life: how she pulled on her stockings before the fire, paid a call on a friend who was about to have a baby, gave the children a *canard*—a lump of sugar soaked in coffee, received a billet-doux from a young admirer, appeared superbly dressed at the opera, and at last went sleepily to bed. Why do so many of us instinctively react against it? Because we think it is based on exploitation? Do we really think that far? . . . Our whole society is based on different sorts of exploitation. Or is it because we believe that this kind of life was shallow and trivial? Well, that simply isn't true. The men who enjoyed it were no fools. Talleyrand said that only those who experienced the social life of eighteenth-century France had known the *douceur de vivre* . . . and Talleyrand was certainly one of the most intelligent men who has ever taken up politics.

It is Clark's sensitiveness to the *douceur de vivre* that, with a number of other attributes, distinguishes him from Ruskin, though, in his very different way, he shares the Victorian prophet's moral feelings. This is not

(Continued on page 31)

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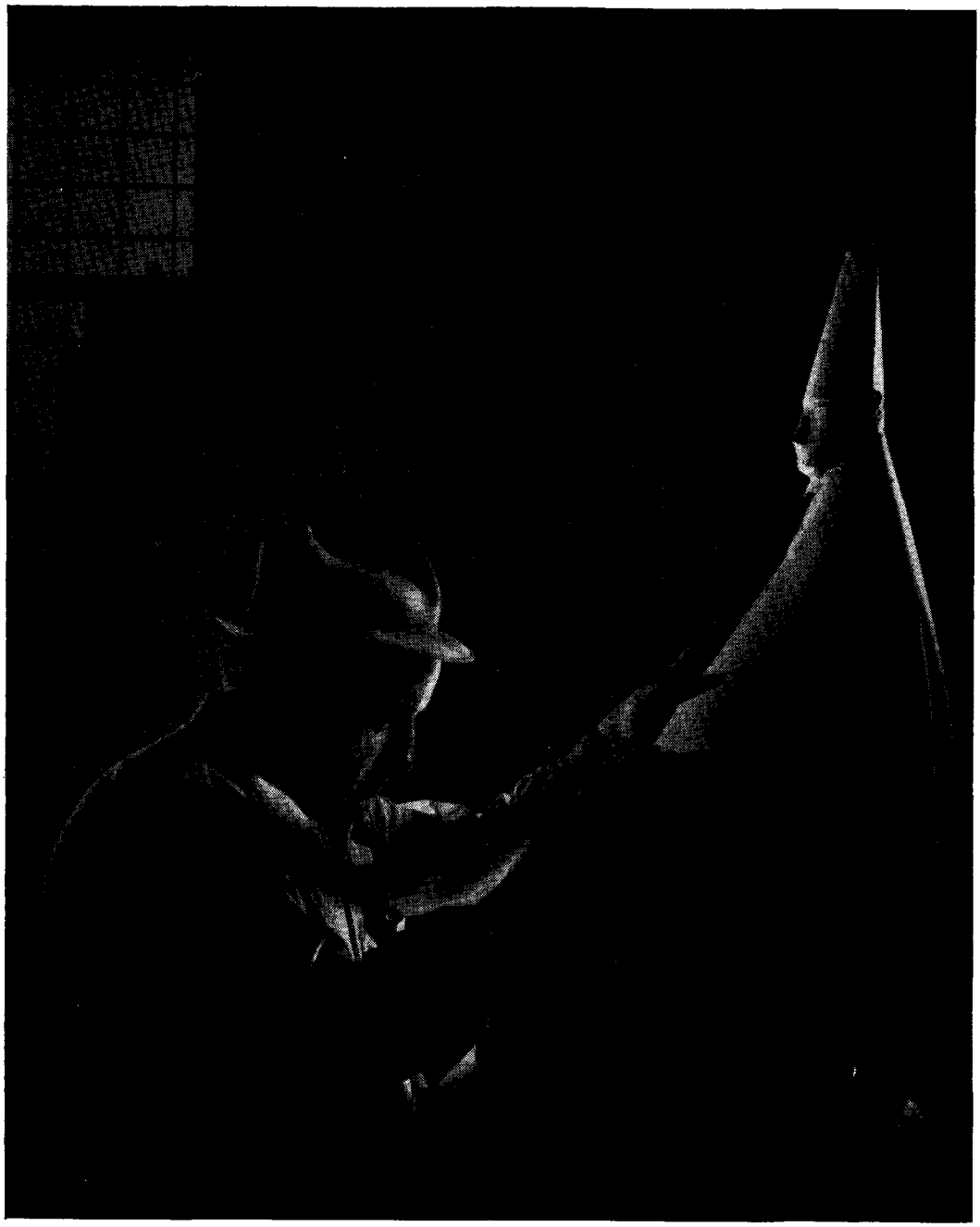
FIVE PORTRAITS

Photos and Comments by Yousuf Karsh



Giacomo Manzù

"As a successful artist, Manzù has fulfilled the dream of every peasant, to own much land, to drink much wine, to enjoy much luxury. . . . In the barn, and in smaller neighboring sheds, stood a small army of cardinals in plaster and other media, in various stages of completion. Manzù's fascination with cardinals as a subject stems from his early youth, when in his native medieval hill town the processions of prelates in their gorgeous pyramidal robes moving with stately grace, almost like chess pieces propelled from beneath, etched themselves on his inner eye. He has abstracted their forms to a state of great sophistication."

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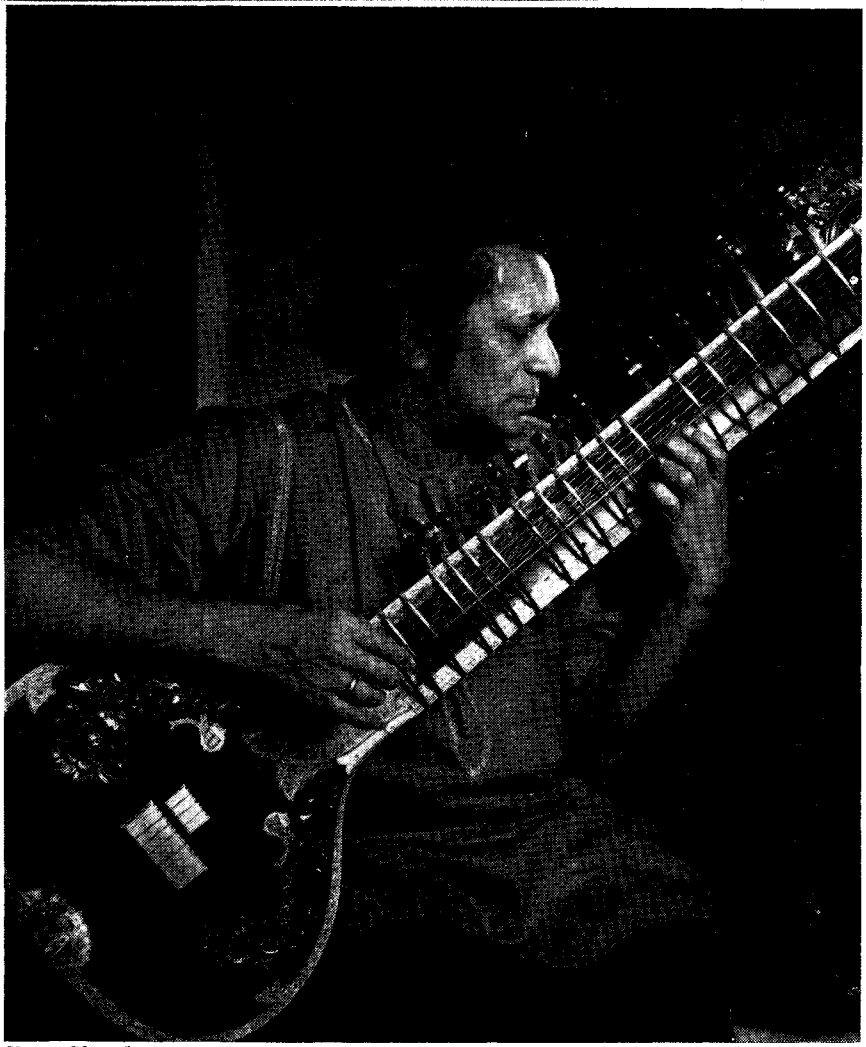
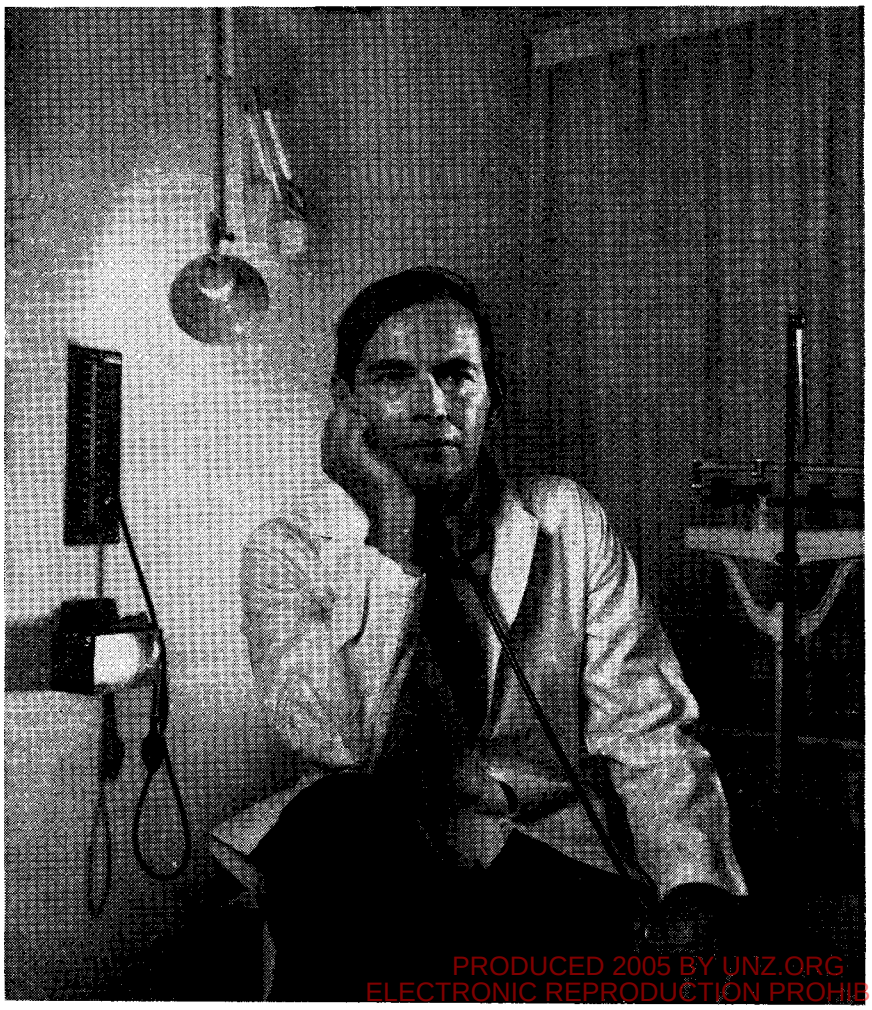


Ravi Shankar

"Ravi Shankar performs in public on a broad platform covered with Indian throws. In my New York apartment, for his portrait, I opened a table and covered it with one of these throws. He immediately removed his shoes; barefooted, he climbed up and sat cross-legged with his sitar. Next, he took off his watch, as if to remove all traces of contemporary Western civilization, and laid it beside him. He took a little container of oil and moistened the tips of his fingers with oil-soaked cotton, as he plucked the strings. And then he began to play. All the time his remarkable, expressive face echoed the sentiment of the music. It was a perfect empathy of man and instrument."

Dr. Christiaan Barnard



"When Dr. Barnard talked about sick children, and the special surgical challenges of children's cardiovascular diseases, his whole manner changed. The jet-set patter disappeared. The superficial veneer of his personality dropped away, and he was once again an enthusiastic physician, imbued with the wonder of what could happen in the operating room—and his role in helping to make it happen."

"We had arranged to have the sitting in a gallery of the Royal Ontario Museum, designed by one of McLuhan's colleagues to display the early development of life in prehistoric seas. Many novel ideas had been employed to involve the visitor, including tape-recorded explanations transmitted by telephone. The background was intriguing. It seemed to reflect McLuhan's interests in broad reaches of time and in the electronic extensions man has developed to the human nervous system."

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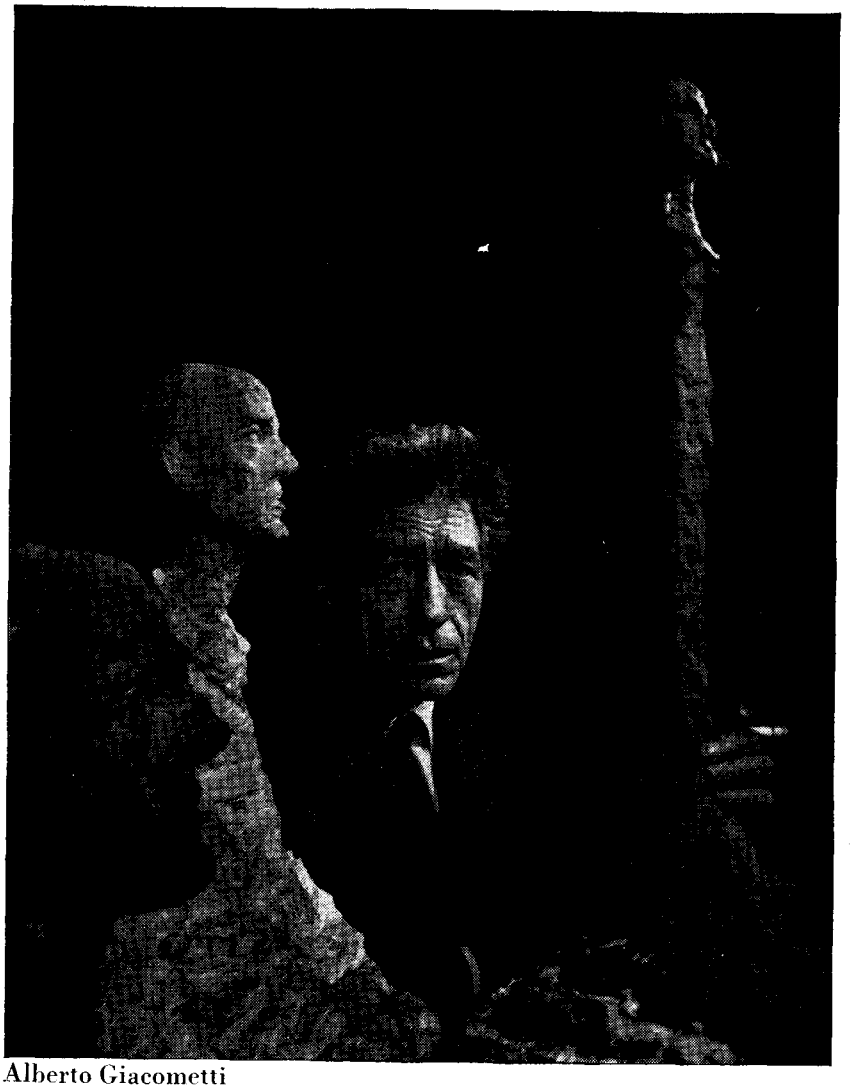
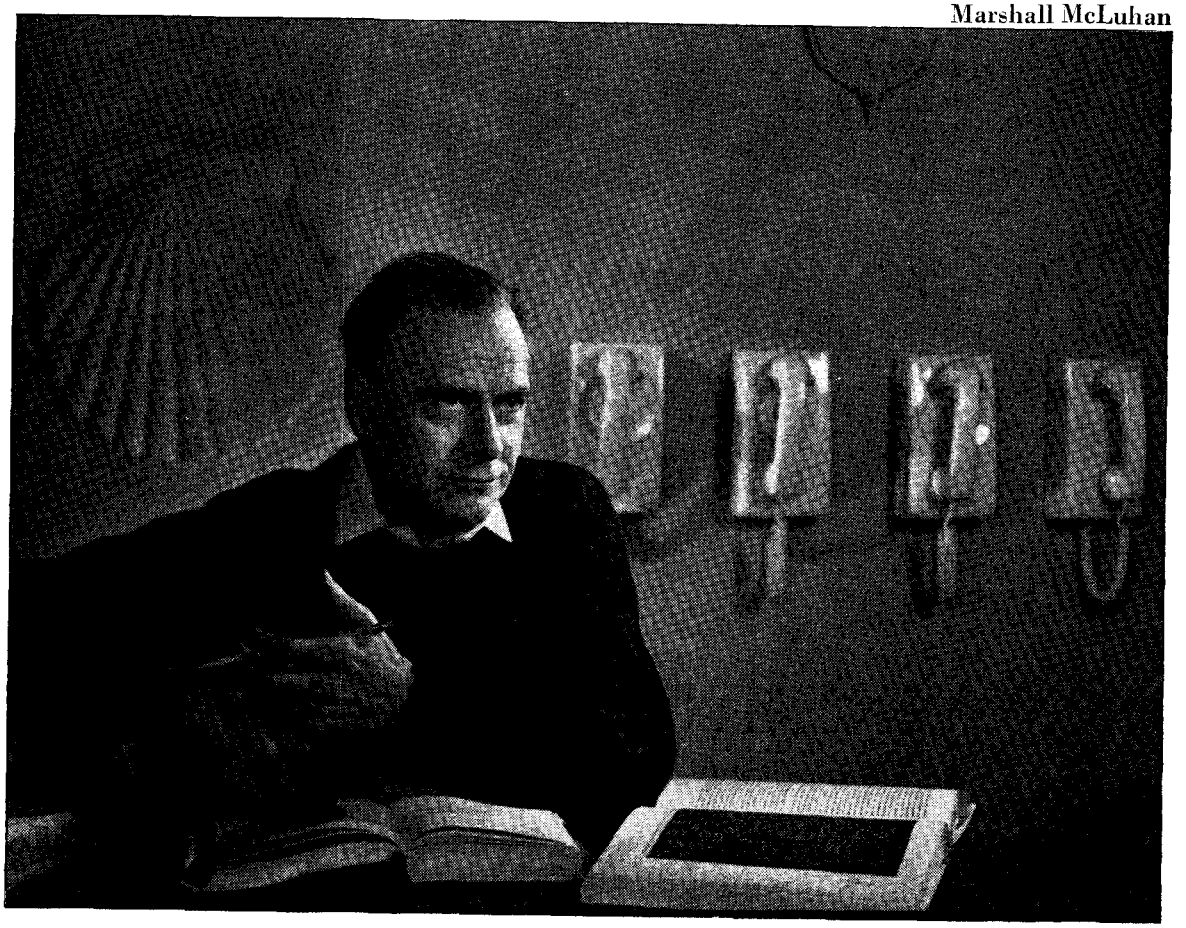
"Giacometti could not sit still for a moment; he stamped his foot impatiently like a child; he smoked constantly. His face was ashen gray, and he did not welcome any conversation which might bring a ray of communicative humor into the afternoon. My experience should have prepared me to realize he was in excruciating pain. A few weeks later, he was dead."



Alberto Giacometti



Marshall McLuhan

From the book *Faces of Our Time* by Yousuf Karsh, to be published in October by University of Toronto Press. Text and photographs Copyright © Karsh, Ottawa.

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Good News on the Arms Front

In the long and dreary history of the postwar arms race, two developments have run counter to the dominant negative trend. The first was President Kennedy's 1963 agreement with the Soviet Union to ban atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons. The second was President Nixon's 1971 order to destroy America's stockpile of germ and toxin warfare weapons. The historic nature of the nuclear test ban has been widely recognized. Yet the destruction of the bacteriological stockpile may be even more significant. The aboveground test ban halted only one aspect of the nuclear arms race, albeit the most important one. The end of atmospheric testing did not mean that all testing would cease, or that stockpiles of nuclear weapons would be eliminated or even reduced.

President Nixon not only halted further development of biological weapons; he unilaterally destroyed the nation's existing stockpiles. There was nothing nominal about the President's action. An expert on germ warfare was quoted by *The New York Times* as saying "it would take ten to fifteen years" to rebuild the Army's capacity in the bacteriological field.

What gives the President's decision its major significance is that it overturns some sacred theories of military planners. First, there is the matter of the traditional opposition of "hard-liners" to unilateral action. In all previous efforts to slow down the arms race, any notion involving initiative or calculated risk was denounced as a dangerous and soft-headed approach to the national security. It was said that the Soviet Union would have no incentive for entering into arms-control agreements if the United States were to undertake unilateral measures. We now see that the destruction of the bacteriological stockpiles not only did not prevent an agreement with the Soviet Union but swiftly produced a treaty with far less complication and folderol than has attended any arms discussions with the U.S.S.R. in twenty-five years.

It is unfortunate that some critics have tried to downgrade the President's initiative on germ warfare by saying that bacteriological weapons are of speculative value at best since they raise the danger of possible rebound infection. This is true, but no more so than the same argument applied to radiological weapons. What was done by President Nixon, and, perhaps even more, the way it was done, is a major achievement, one that should serve as a stimulus to further initiatives in slowing down the arms race. This would appear to be a good time, for example, to undertake fresh consideration of a comprehensive ban on nuclear weapons. The old arguments favoring underground tests should be recognized for what they are —special pleading by the military bureaucracy rather than sensible reasoning in the national and human interest. It is contended that only on-the-spot inspection can provide assurances against secret violation and that, since the Soviet Union refuses inspection, a treaty is therefore neither possible nor feasible. Such an argument is obviously intended for public consumption only, since it has little standing in the scientific community. Instrumentation for remote detection of secret tests is so highly developed that it is specious in the extreme to justify underground testing because of the claim there is no way to verify compliance.

Scientists are currently debating the possible seismic effects of the scheduled underground nuclear tests on Amchitka Island, off western Alaska. We laymen have no way of knowing whether the explosions could trigger earthquakes or damage the ecology of the area involved. It is enough to note that the question is being seriously debated by competent authorities.

But even if it could be established that the chances of an earthquake or other harmful ecological effects are nil, the case against underground testing would be no less powerful and urgent. The government of the United States has declared itself against proliferation of nuclear weapons. It has given great emphasis not just to radiological dangers but to the terrible consequences of a general distribution of nuclear bombs in a world rife with tensions. Having called on other nations to forgo nuclear weapons altogether, the United States has by that fact assumed certain obligations of good sense and restraint in its own policy. There is more than a minor element of hypocrisy and Big Nation arrogance in our urging nuclear forbearance on others while rushing ahead pell-mell ourselves.

Perhaps the most compelling reason of all for calling off the underground tests, however, has to do with the President's plan for holding discussions with the Chinese leaders. For the past twenty years, there has been an element of unreality in almost everything said or done about arms control. So long as China was not included in any basic agreements, there was a cavernous hole in any design to control the world arms race. Few items on the President's agenda, therefore, are more vital to human security than the need to obtain Chinese acquiescence in world disarmament efforts, among which control of nuclear weapons is high on the list. A universal ban on the testing of nuclear weapons—whether in the air, underground, undersea, or in outer space—would be a towering achievement for world peace and sanity.

President Kennedy's American University speech of June 10, 1963, calling for an end to the Cold War, helped to clear the way for the Test Ban Treaty later that year. Similarly, the statements of President Nixon and Secretary Rogers about the need to normalize relations with China sets a stage for arms agreements that could have profound historic significance. It is difficult, indeed, to think of any single development that could have a greater bearing on the prospects for world peace.

—N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Remember the Gadsden Purchase!

IN HIS editorial "Speaking of Unnecessary Wars . . ." [*SR*, July 17], Richard L. Tobin states that "the Mexicans were forced to acknowledge the annexation of Texas, plus all of New Mexico, Arizona, and California. . . ." This is in error as all of Arizona did not belong to the United States until 1853, when the Gadsden Purchase, which acquired all of the land in Arizona south of the Gila River, was made.

An effort was made to extend the southern boundary across to the Gulf of California so that Arizona could have a seaport. This would have cost another $10-million making the cost of the whole purchase $20-million, and Congress would not stand still for that much money.

I thought the editorial was very good, and in case you didn't know it, the United States has been in 155 wars in its history and only five of them have been declared.

SENATOR BARRY GOLDWATER,
Washington, D.C.

Brainstorming

PETER SCHRAG'S "What's Happened to the Brain Business?" [*SR*, Aug. 7] expounds two erroneous though widely believed ideas. First, it is now fashionable to blame science for the mistakes of the last decade while showering laurels on its critics. The failures of the 1960s, the Vietnam conflict, the alienation of the younger generation, and urban problems, to name only a few—are the failures of society as a whole, not only of science. The Pentagon papers have shown us that the Vietnam conflict was not caused by Dr. Strangelove and his assistants; they were merely called upon to end it—to save the diplomats and politicians from a Frankenstein monster of their own creation.

Second, it is false to state that science failed to deliver what it had promised. Weather control, genetic manipulation, and solution of the many urban problems have not occurred because they have been rejected by society. Alvin Toffler states in *Future Shock* that "since the beginning of the century more than sixty percent has been slashed from the average time needed for a major scientific discovery to be translated into a useful technological form." Thus, we do have the ability to do the "impossible" but only if it is requested by society.

It is time to stop using science as a scapegoat for society's mistakes and to start re-evaluating our goals.

BRUCE FEGLEY, JR.,
Pottstown, Pa.

CONGRATULATIONS to Peter Schrag for his provocative article. I find Mr. Schrag's contention that "Americans entrusted the future to experts, lost faith in their investment, and are now beginning to try to put the experts in their place" to be particularly valid, as well as the statement that the old frontier, "the open spaces of the West, were . . . the nation's safety valve . . . and escape. When the frontier closed, it was replaced by . . . schools, colleges, and, most recently, by research itself."

I find no fault with these interesting observations, but would like to carry Schrag's analysis one step further to a point which he failed to note—that . . . Americans are not only trying to put the experts in their place, but are also trying to regain the old frontier.

What we are witnessing in migrations to Australia, Alaska, and other remote fringe areas yet unconquered, what we are experiencing in the frontier dress, the "back-to-the-earth" emphasis of the counter-culture on natural, organic living, and what we find revealed in the increasing concern for the environment, is a refusal to allow the ultimate frontier to vanish. It is a romantic, but nonetheless desperate, attempt on the part of Americans to reconstruct the open spaces in areas most likely to succeed as workable substitutes for our vanished horizons.

This yearning to place optimism for the future in a tangible frontier cannot be considered merely nostalgic sentimentalism; nor can it be wholly interpreted as a response of an unyielding and unresponsive technocratic society. It is an attempt on the part of the "little man" to control his own destiny.

"Frontier" symbolizes escape, getaway, renewal, hope, optimism, promise; it is, as Schrag pointed out, a vital national safety valve. In a time of increasingly centralized and complex urban living, of mechanization and dehumanization, of political strife and social turmoil, a safety valve is urgently needed. Again, as Schrag illustrated, the "new frontier" of educational research and technology will not serve. . . . The conviction seems to be that a technocratic frontier can only yield a future of costly moon trips, SSTs, and hydrogen bombs; a reawakened frontier on the guidelines of the nineteenth-century American West will provide a future of dreams fulfilled, where the individual still counts, ambition is nurtured, and initiative rewarded; in short, a place where man is no longer dwarfed by his institutions.

It may be, also, that the concept of futurism itself is being challenged—there appears to be an inclination among people toward impatience; a desire to get things done now and see the results. The impersonality of statistical data for the year 2000 is no longer deemed relevant; we want something done for us now, today. There may still be within us a spark that desires the simple satisfaction of functioning on a personal level, of reaping the rewards of our own labors and of measuring our success by our own standards. This too is the essence of the frontier spirit and a revolt against overautomated society. At any rate, we have experienced a full cycle, from old to new frontier and back again to old.

STEVE RUHL,
Mill Hall, Pa.

Best Sellers Selling Best?

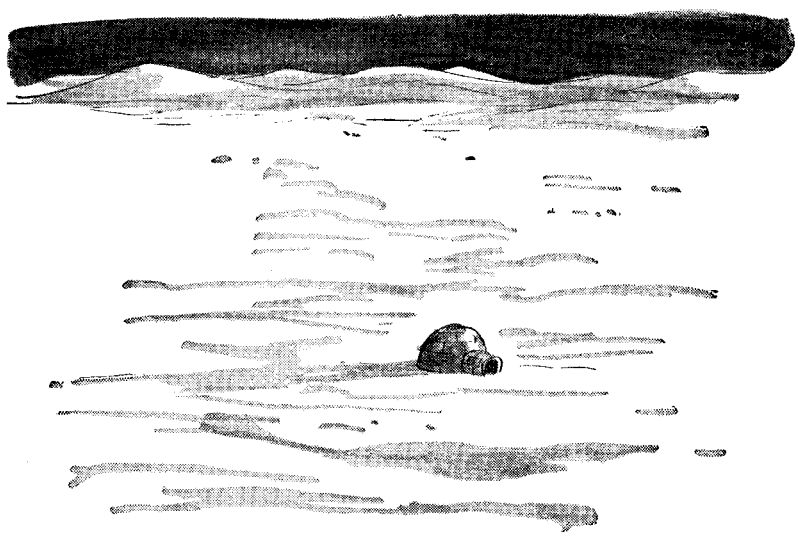
In reading J. W. Allen's article on "The Best Seller Bamboozle" [*SR*, July 31] it came as something of a shock to note that *The New York Times* refused to divulge the names of the stores reporting upon which it bases its best seller list. What about "the public's right to know," which the *Times* so recently told us it was zealously protecting? . . .

How quickly "the public's right to know" becomes unimportant when one's own secrets are involved!

RAY A. WEAVER,
Center Valley, Pa.

FROM HIS IVORY TOWER in Penobscot Bay, J. W. Allen is talking through his hat. I work at the Scribner Book Store in New York City, and I tell you here and now that our weekly report of best sellers is unbiased, true, and based only on largest amounts of sales of new books. We take great pride in our integrity and will continue to do so.

CELIA SUMMER,
New York, N.Y.



Censoni

"If you think you heard someone outside, then you go out and look."

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Of King and Queens

I HAVE SEEN two of the half-dozen, ninety-minute color dramas in the BBC series *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*, which is currently being shown Sunday nights over the CBS television network (the series will also be presented on PBS next January). I liked what I saw very much, but at the risk of misjudging the remaining programs in this splendidly produced series, I assert that it makes successful television entertainment precisely because it is entertainment for the eye. There is little in the productions that does not come under the province of skilled scriptwriting, superior acting, and extraordinarily effective and often exciting scenic design and lighting.

Lacking, however, is any effort by the authors to lay bare the minds of the chief personages in this chronicle of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of that "wicked tyrant" Henry VIII, who split Christendom. Charles Lamb, in his essay *On the Tragedies of Shakespeare*, wrote of the playwright's great criminal characters: ". . . we think not so much of the crimes which they commit, as of the ambition, the aspiring spirit, the intellectual activity, which prompt them to overleap those moral fences." Shakespeare's royal, tragic characters gazed introspectively upon their passions and fates. In the first two programs in *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*—those that dealt with Catherine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn—I observed but a single instance of introspection, and that delivered not by one of the wives but by a faithful courtier.

As Catherine lies dying in her Princess Dowager bed, long after Henry has rejected, divorced, and demeaned her, the Spanish Ambassador to the English court speaks a short eulogy to the ex-Queen, in which he compares Catherine's life to a ship stranded on the rocks but leaving a trace to show "that there were human beings who cared. . . ." Catherine is proud, stubborn, with a strong sense of conscience and a deep love for Henry. Anne Boleyn, in the perspective of the two episodes, is first a schemer with her eye on the main chance and then a victim of bad luck who fails to give the King the male heir he so desperately seeks. But neither of the unfortunate wives is given the dramatic insight into her own destiny that alone can transcend the mere events of their lives and exalt them to the level of historical drama as distinguished from dramatized history.

The same may be said for Henry VIII and his archbishops, ministers, and lesser subjects. They are nobles without the nobility that comes not necessarily from lofty behavior but from the revelation of depths of the mind that no camera can perceive and that words alone can discover. The producers and six authors of the individual programs in the BBC series may have consciously chosen to go the road of the eye in designing *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*. They chose to stick closely to the historical facts insofar as they can ever be known. The only liberty taken was a decision to make each of Henry's wives "sympathetic." In Catherine's case, the Spanish Queen was romanticized—made slimmer than she really was in later life. In Anne Boleyn's case, the victim became admirable in her suffering in the Tower and on the scaffold.

A virtue of the lack of commentary by the authors on their characters is that, at the conclusion of a program, the viewer will want to pull a written history off the shelf and dig for the missing dimensions. Americans in particular will find that this exercise enriches their knowledge of English history. Without cavil, the players are first-rate, in the splendid BBC historical tradition (Keith Michell as Henry, Annette Crosbie as Catherine, and Dorothy Tutin as Anne Boleyn).

In the second program, the blues, golds, and reds of the trial room in the Tower and the somber tones of the execution scene were especially notable. It came as a surprise to this viewer to learn that the young Henry had been a scholar, a handsome idealist who wished for a learned court filled with wise men and poets. His change over the years to the familiar gross monarch is brilliantly achieved by makeup. Whether Henry realized that he was changing, and what he thought about it, remain a mystery. Perhaps Catherine Parr, the last of the King's wives, who survived him, will clear it up in the sixth program.

The Six Wives of Henry VIII originated on BBC 2, home of high-brow television hits. It achieved wider acclaim on BBC 1 and is deservedly being shown around the world. Time-Life Films syndicates it in the United States. Robert D. Wood, CBS Television president, who stuck his neck out with *All in the Family*, is to be thanked for buying this series for one commercial network run before it is shown on public TV.

"You, again?"

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Edmund Wilson as Provincial Plutarch

by WARNER BERTHOFF

UPSTATE:
Records and Recollections of Northern New York

by Edmund Wilson

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 386 pp., $8.95

Edmund Wilson has written before about the old stone house in Talcottville, Lewis County, New York, where he summered as a boy among a crowd of cousins, aunts, and great-aunts, and where twenty years ago he returned to re-establish, as he puts it, a point of permanence and continuity in the uncertain flux of his own and contemporary American existence. This book about his life there since 1950 is at once a record of his personal concerns as author and householder and a depiction of the character and history of the region itself, to which Wilson's family has had ties since the first settlement around 1800. An absorbing and touching work, *Upstate* is abundantly interesting and as suggestive of the forms and pressures of contemporary life as any of the multiplying novels, autobiographies, memoirs, or tracts for the times being written from the more publicized battlegrounds of our revolutionary epoch.

On the shelf of Edmund Wilson's own works *Upstate* will stand closest, perhaps, to his oddly memorable fiction, and of his *oeuvre* it may be adjudged the strongest. The actualities of life in Lewis County turn out to be, if anything, denser and more richly emblematic than the imagined events of Hecate County in the 1940s or those of Greenwich Village in the Twenties pictured in *I Thought of Daisy*. The main part of *Upstate*, drawn from diary-notebooks of the past two decades, has an emotional shape and plot missing from *A Prelude*, the reconstruction of his early life which appeared four years ago. The Talcottville house and the surrounding region had been places of enchantment in childhood, but when Wilson returned at the age of fifty-five he at first felt crowded out by the ghosts of long ago, the keenly sensed absences in a locale once overflowing with human energy and will. Year by year we watch him making it more his own; reminded less and less of the past only, he fills the house with *his* presence, his work, his family; he "enters into possession," feels "more comfortable and myself here probably than anywhere in the world." He starts coming earlier in the spring, forms fresh ties to people in the community, at length becomes one among many "going about their business" and commenting to each other on the weather (a great matter in that open, half-wild northern farm country) and on the condition of the world and the sequences of local life.

But all the while the region changes, acting out its role in the vaster changes that are wrenching the world at large from him as he grows away from it into old age. Ultimately the ghosts are gone; the past has been absorbed into a lived present. At the same time the burdens of aging have overtaken him; uncertainties are rising about his health, even about his old ways of understanding situations and describing them. Wilson pictures himself alone now in the house he has remade, no longer much moved by the disorders all around him, conscious not of permanence and continuity but of "the constant flow and perishable character of everything on earth." As for "upstate"

WARNER BERTHOFF, professor of English at Harvard since 1967, is the author of *The Ferment of Realism: American Literature, 1884-1919* and *The Example of Melville.*

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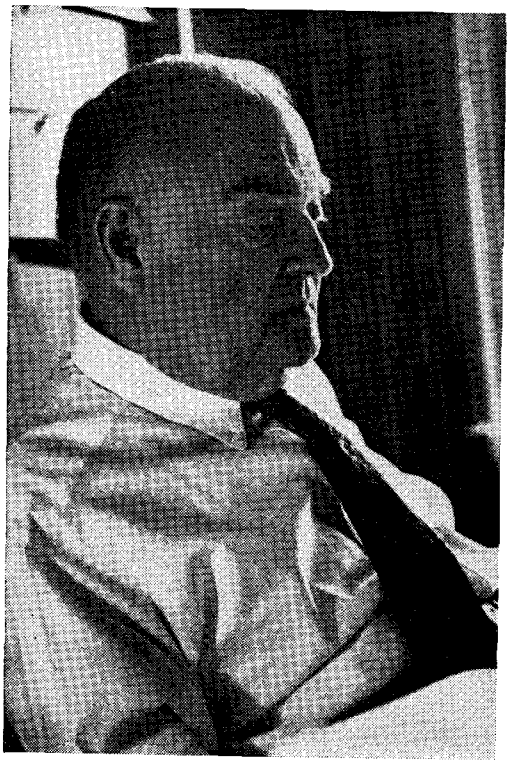

—Carl E. La Tray (from the book)

Edmund Wilson and the old stone house at Talcottville—"all the while the region changes, acting out its role in the vaster changes that are wrenching the world at large from him."

—that fine old American word—though it has changed little, that area, too, appears condemned to "the swift transience of everything in the United States." What he has written, Wilson says, shows "the gradual but steady expiration" of the old order of local life as he knew it not only in childhood but in the first years of his return.

The mass of the book is by no means so elegiac as this may sound. It has in fact the fascination of a marvelous new archeological dig, delivering up treasures that reveal a whole civilization in the perspectives of time and change. (In this regard the work belongs with *Apologies to the Iroquois* and *O Canada*, as another by-product of the author's return upstate.) The house is a sort of historical museum by which the human life that has permeated it can be measured and understood.

The early chapters recapitulate representative episodes in the region's history: Wilson recalls some of the sects and communities—Shakers, Mormons, Hard-Shell Baptists, Footwashers, Nothingarians, Oneida Perfectionists, Spiritualists—that flourished in upper New York. He recovers a fascinating journal telling of the odd democratic barbarism of the original settlements. He discusses various ruined or restored mansions from the early days and the failed dream of civilization they embody, and he summarizes the particular history of Talcottville, blighted almost from the start by the failure of its founders' hopes that the town would be a canal or railroad center.

Wilson reviews also a good deal of family history, and when these portraits are combined with those of present-day Talcottville friends and neighbors, sketches of literary friends (Hemingway, Thurber, Nabokov, Van Wyck Brooks, among others), descriptions of books he is reading and the distinctive personalities of their authors, the result is nothing less than a latter-day provincial Plutarch. Or—among American precedents—a contemporary *Specimen Days*; *Upstate* has much in common, in essential design, with that vivid prose notebook from Whitman's later life.

One of Wilson's discoveries was how much of a distinct literary center upstate New York has been. He himself, participating in a Harold Frederic celebration at Utica, recording the gossip about Ezra Pound's return visit in 1969 to Hamilton College, and keeping track of regional neighbors like Walter Edmonds and the Haitian Marcelins, does his part to maintain the tradition. This fits into the general myth of the book—that "upstate" has been the domain of a free and flourishing people whose way of life survives in a certain robustness and self-sufficiency among their modern descendants. Yet the book's strength is in the fullness, the matter-of-fact honesty, with which the other side of the story is told. Despite extraordinary summer skies and the beauty of autumn, the Talcottville district is rather bleak and inhospitable, surrounded by wild uplands that "should never have been cleared at all," sprinkled now with abandoned farms, broken-down buildings, and the squalid scars of no longer viable mining and milling ventures. The "civilization" Wilson re-creates in imagination was an affair of two or three brief generations at best, and it was crossed by violence, quarrels and litigations, old family antagonisms. Its grinding winters are hardly to be thought of; even its most capable people seem always to have been, like those at Oneida, "at an angle with the world."

And the present directly continues the past. A vein of violence and corruption, lying at their heart, is regularly exposed: the major events of local life each year are a series of shocking mishaps—car crashes, farm injuries, even murders—and the hurts and sufferings of people trapped in failed careers, bad marriages, and a fundamental unhealthiness and demoralization. Lewis County is no refuge from the ferocity of modern life. The world in which Wilson's infant daughter is nearly struck down, in 1953, by a reckless local driver and, seventeen years later, is badly hurt in a motor accident in Maine; in which on every holiday his village chauffeur lugubriously reports the latest news of the national traffic slaughter; in which word shockingly comes of Hemingway's suicide; in which a strategic air base and radar station are located nearby; in which old friends fall into bitter disputes over Vietnam, and Birch Society posters dot the country-

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side, and one's house and grounds become increasingly vulnerable to the vandalism of hotrodders and motorcycle kids—this world is one and the same with that outside.

The great theme of *Upstate* is the old American dream of a better life, rooted in a new civility, over against the spreading anarchy-tyranny of what has actually supervened. This theme is rendered with the greater force because it is lodged in the minute particulars of real lives closely known, because it is not simply apocalyptic but familiar and human. Towards the end, a nice turn rounds out this chronicle of the author's effort to plant himself in a place that will allow him, as he grows old, to unify his life. It is 1970, and an unidentified American kid turns up unannounced on his doorstep. Wilson finds it hard to discover what the boy wants.

> He had $3,000, he said, and was going to Austria without any idea of what he was going to do there. His family had originally been German, and he has studied and read some German. He said he was uncomfortable in the United States, and I think that what he really wanted was to get somewhere . . . where German was spoken and which would be in that respect somehow native to him.

The upstates we dream of, it seems, lie farther and farther afield, and our hope of getting back to them grows more fantastic every year.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1467

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1467 will be found in the next issue.

NLFCR RXI DFVR FUYJYENW-
YRP RXNR NEP AUYRIU KNE
XFSI RF NKXYIBI XFEIVRWP
YV RF VRINW AYRX JFFM
GCMJDIER.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1466

. . . Think of nature as a great spectacle, somewhat resembling the opera.

—FONTENELLE.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Koht's Conclusions on Ibsen

EVA LE GALLIENNE REFERS in "Ibsen: The Shy Giant" [*SR*, Aug. 14] to the English translation (*Life of Ibsen*, 1931) of the first Norwegian edition of Halvdan Koht's major biography, *Henrik Ibsen, eit diktarliv*. Koht's first version appeared in 1928.

It should be pointed out that Koht later prepared an enlarged and considerably revised version; it appeared in Norway in 1954. An English translation of the second version, by Einar Haugen and A. E. Santaniello, was published this year by Benjamin Blom. The second version should be consulted as Koht's final view of Ibsen.

DONALD K. WATKINS,
Lawrence, Kan.

Phoenician Log in Brazil

IT WAS ENLIGHTENING to read the review by Robert J. Milch of Sheldon A. Jacobson's *Fleet Surgeon to Pharaoh* [*SR*, July 24] although somewhat disconcerting to learn that the author was "forced to depend heavily on his imagination" since "little is known about the reputed circumnavigation of Africa by Phoenician explorers in the service of Necho II, pharaoh of Egypt from 610-595 B.C."

Immediately there came to mind the thrill of an Akkadian class at the School of Theology, Claremont, Calif., when Professor Loren Fisher brought in a report from his former teacher, Cyrus H. Gordon, of Brandeis University, relating to a Phoenician text from Parahyba, Brazil. Although this had been written up as long ago as 1874, it had gone unrecognized until Jules Piccus of the University of Massachusetts took another hard look at a certain old scrapbook, in 1967, and became tremendously excited. What he found himself staring at was none other than a copy of a stone tablet telling the story, in sixth-century B.C. Phoenician script, of one of the three-year voyages around Africa. Only this one was outstandingly different.

To be sure, they had set sail from Ezion-Geber as usual, with their ten ships, in the nineteenth year of King Hiram of Tyre, and under the auspices of the gods and goddesses to whom they had "set" (sacrificed) a youth. But after being at sea two years, all around the land of Ham (Africa), the command ship became separated from the rest, by "the hand of Baal." "So we have come here," records the log in neatly chiseled Phoenician, "12 men and 3 women, on a new shore which I, the admiral, control."

So "may the exalted gods and goddesses be auspicious" to you likewise, in the search for Egyptian tomb records depicting sea-going craft back to the eighteenth dynasty Pharaoh Hatshepsut; the family Bible, at 1 Kings 9, 10; the Pontifical Biblical Institute's *Orientalia*, Rome, for which may be substituted the *Los Angeles Times*, May 17, 1968, Pt.I-A, p. 8. Isn't it about time, in this computerized age, to set up a central source of basic information for the benefit of toilers at "historical" novels—at least something more contemporary and reliable than Herodotus, say?

CHARLOTTE JONES,
Claremont, Calif.

In Vino Non Veritas

WILLIAM BEAUCHAMP, in his review of Murray Polner's *No Victory Parades* [*SR*, July 31], tells us that the book contains "no caricatures, no propaganda." Then he proceeds to remedy this apparent deficiency by the "attitude" labels he most unconvincingly attaches to quotations selected from the book. Take, for example, the reported conversation in a Vietnam bar, which Mr. Beauchamp—seriously, I assume—sees as reflecting the attitude that "in war, morality no longer holds," instead of indicating that when men drink one should take what they say with a grain of salt!

Unfortunately, Mr. Beauchamp's review is itself illustrative of an all too common orientation. And that is to approach each new volume on the Vietnam disaster with an almost masochistic anticipation that one's ever-ready sense of outrage will be again aroused and that one's most despairing thoughts will once more be reinforced.

ARNOLD MARKOWITZ,
Buffalo, N.Y.

Stage-Managed Captives

JOSEPH M. PUGGELLI'S views on the Vietcong [BOOK FORUM, July 17] are certainly not objective, or unknown, as he implies in his criticism of my review of *Forty Days with the Enemy* [*SR*, June 26].

In fact, it is precisely his view of rebellious Vietnamese as perfidious "Communist cadre" that has been the official American view—both military and civilian—all along. To state that he has "an insight into the mind of the average Communist soldier," via whatever "considerable" experience, is to admit his total innocence: very few members of the National Liberation Front or the Khmer Rouge are communists. Most are simple, angry patriots of the sort we celebrate every 4th of July.

However, I was happy to note Mr. Puggelli's assertion that "the Communists attach the greatest importance to the treatment of captured personnel who might be of immediate political value." That is certainly a far cry from our own treatment of captured Indochinese as generally useful only for the weekly "body-count." As to stage-managing one's captivity "to provide as favorable a picture of guerrilla life as possible," I would refer Mr. Puggelli to the military "pacification" side-show every visiting Congressman and Secretary of Defense is subjected to in Saigon and environs. Perhaps here are the real "stage-managed" captives of this war.

JAN BARRY,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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ANCESTORS

by William Maxwell

Knopf, 311 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Ruth Cobbett Biemiller

■ William Maxwell, who has been creating memorable fictional characters since 1934, now re-creates the very real Maxwells, Turleys, Edies, Keeperses, Englands, Higginses, Blinns, Youtseys, and Harringtons. These men and women—Maxwell's ancestors—came to the New World early in the eighteenth century, traveling from Scotland via Ireland to Pennsylvania, and from England to tidewater Virginia. Taking God and dogmas with them, they pushed on by horseback, wagon train, and on foot to West Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio and, finally, to Lincoln, Illinois, where William Maxwell was born in 1908.

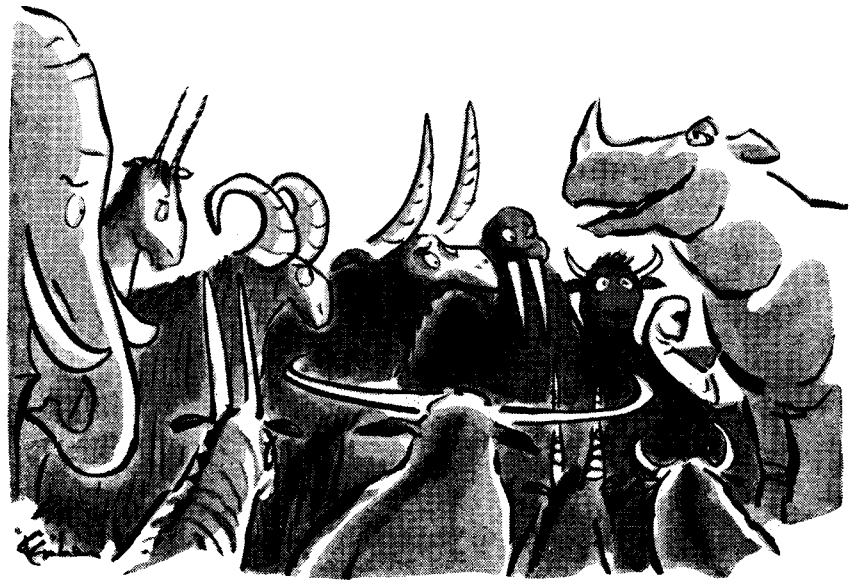
In 1866, at the age of sixteen, his grandfather traversed the 600 miles from Ohio to Illinois in six weeks of steady walking. Before 1800, great-great-grandmother Maxwell, "with the baby in her arms, wrapped in a shawl . . . set out on foot, along a footpath through the forest" to find her young husband who had gone from West Virginia to Ohio in search of flat, fertile land. He found the land, "but the crop had to go in at once, so he . . . planted before he started back," thus failing to return when he had promised to. "The virgin forest was gloomy and oppressively silent. She could have twisted her ankle and been unable to go on . . . been overtaken by a drunken hunter . . . met up with a party of Indians . . . have lost her way and starved to death. Instead, after many days, she met my great-great-grandfather coming home."

The ancestors encounter buffalo, wolves, and "panthers nine feet tip to tip." They learn that the cabin whose logs are cut by the full moon of February will harbor no bedbugs. And, so magnificent are the forests and lowlands of Kentucky, the Indians refuse to live there, using the region only as hunting grounds. Letters arrive from the front during the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Civil War. Families are large: eight children by one wife, eight more by the second. Some survive mysterious fevers—others don't. Religious fervor is endemic. The ancestors are endlessly embroiled with denominational doctrine. Who shall be saved? Only the elect? Sprinkling *vs.* immersion is hotly contested. The Trinity is a problem. Open communion, to some, anathema. Church organs are profane.

As the frontier preachers forge westward, they shed the trappings of established religion and found the *Christian* Church, which rejects all dogma promulgated after the time of the New Testament. They are to Presbyterianism as Luther was to Rome. Among them is a Maxwell forebear named Stephen England, who might smile upon the current ecumenical movement and upon contemporary stripping to spiritual essentials.

In *Ancestors* one rediscovers the children and parents of Maxwell's early novel, *They Came Like Swallows*, and traces the unfolding of an original literary talent, planted in the past, firmly rooted in the present, that can tell such magical fables as *The Old Man at the Railroad Crossing and Other Tales.* We find here authentic Americana, and more.

Ruth Cobbett Biemiller is a free-lance literary critic.



"So, as a first step toward disarmament, I urge every animal to saw off one of his horns. As I did."

LORD PALMERSTON

by Jasper Ridley

Dutton, 689 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Charles Miller

■ It is not likely that any British statesman did more to elevate England to her pre-eminence among nineteenth-century global powers than Henry John Temple, third Viscount Palmerston. He served the Crown for nearly six decades—from 1807 to his death in 1865—and dominated the Western political world for at least three of them. Although Palmerston did not become Prime Minister until 1855, he can be said to have reached the heights during earlier tenures as Foreign Secretary, when his artfully arrogant diplomacy and commanding personality often decided the course of events not only in Europe but across the planet.

Many contemporaries dismissed Palmerston as no more than a truculent gunboat diplomat. Even in an age when war was a respectable instrument of international politics, many critics seconded one opponent's characterization of the Foreign Secretary as a "bully to the weak and a coward to the strong." To a point, that charge appeared to be borne out by Palmerston's record of sending the Royal Navy to impose Britain's will on feeble kingdoms such as Greece and Portugal, and by his conspicuous reluctance to draw the sword against such superpowers as Russia and France. But the label of bully and coward misled. Palmerston simply believed that mediating with the big nations—and, whenever possible, dividing them against each other—would serve his country's interests far more effectively than large-scale military campaigns. His stance as a somewhat overbearing neutralist paid off. "No major war broke out in Europe during the sixteen years that he was at the Foreign Office," the author of this meaty biography observes, "and it is very likely that he would have prevented the Crimean War if he had been in charge of British foreign policy in 1853." Palmerston's strategy would have gone far toward reinforcing the traditional—and dominant—British position of fulcrum in the European balance of power.

In the process of confounding such slick adversaries as Metternich, Talleyrand, and Louis Napoleon, Palmerston may have won his greatest personal fame by taking up the cudgel for numerous left-wing political movements on the other side of the English Channel. Like his saber-rattler's uniform, the liberty cap did not fit snugly. Palmerston shared with most statesmen of the era an undiluted loathing

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for democracy as we understand the word today. (He regarded the United States as an ideological abortion and believed that the Irish Fenian movement was an American conspiracy.) The perfect form of government, as he saw it, was a constitutional monarchy like England's, in which the well-being of the masses was a responsibility, to be discharged with honor, of a few aristocrats, who in turn were elected to their offices by fellow-bluebloods and a handful of carefully screened middle-class property owners. But Palmerston was also sensible enough to perceive that constitutions, however limited in their permissiveness, were incompatible with the many absolute monarchies of nineteenth-century Europe, and "if necessary he was prepared to applaud a revolution" against absolutist rule. He did more than applaud: between 1830 and 1862 he continually lent moral, diplomatic, and sometimes material support to popular insurgencies in France, Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Switzerland. It is not extravagant to suggest that the spread of the very democracy which Palmerston so abhorred was greatly accelerated by the clout and respectability gained from him as its inadvertent patrician champion.

Given this attitude, Palmerston's presence at the diplomatic conference table was not always welcome. "Lord Palmerston," wrote Austria's Chancellor, Prince Schwarzenberg, in 1848, "is a little too much inclined to consider himself the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. . . . I do not know whether Lord Palmerston applies to himself the phrase of Louis XIV, and thinks that *l'Angleterre c'est lui.*" This was only one of many protests against Palmerston's high-handed deportment. In England, Jasper Ridley tells us, "some churchmen complained that he treated Heaven like a foreign power." Yet such exasperation only underscored the impact which Palmerston made as the most forceful and influential statesman of his era.

Ridley's treatment of his central figure skillfully blends the formal and human. Meticulous documentation of political events is interwoven with a wealth of anecdotal material about Palmerston and his circle, and the result is a splendid tapestry of Victorian life at its most baroque. One is struck by the contrast between Palmerston's official haughtiness and his warm personal charm, and awed by his physical vitality and randiness in an age when "sin" was spelled with a capital "S." In the course of his boudoir adventuring, Palmerston alienated Queen Victoria for many years after being caught trying forcefully to seduce one of her ladies at Windsor Castle—an act which caused the stuffy Prince Albert to echo the Queen's objections to Palmerston's "worthless private character." Even at the age of seventy-nine (when he was still vaulting fences for exercise) he was accused of adultery, and, although he deftly avoided a scandal, no one doubted his complicity; not for nothing was he known as "Lord Cupid." This earthier side of Palmerston's nature will surely have wide popular appeal, but more serious readers can count on equal rewards from the scholarship and insights that inform a superb study of a master diplomat and the world which he manipulated.

Charles Miller is the author of "The Lunatic Express: An Entertainment in Imperialism," which will be published in October.

ROBERT, EARL OF ESSEX

by Robert Lacey

Atheneum, 338 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by John P. Kenyon

■ Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was in one sense the spoiled child of Elizabeth I's declining years. Whether Elizabeth ever did surrender her much-prized virginity to anyone, not even the wildest writer has supposed that she surrendered it to him. But Essex vaulted effortlessly into the place left vacant in the Queen's affections by the death of his stepfather, the Earl of Leicester, in 1588. The charm and physical presence Essex inherited from his

"Just think. The Borgheses, the Farneses, the Orsinis, the Busonis, the Rospigliosis, the Colonnas, the Barberinis, the Bramantes, the Borgias, the Rossinis, the Tarantos, the Brindisis, the Plinys, the Tullii, the Pompilii, and the Piranesis now owe us an orgy!"

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mother, Lettice Knollys, one of the most beautiful and least principled women of the previous generation, captivated Elizabeth in a world grown bureaucratical, money-wise, and suspicion-ridden. Like his stepfather, he set himself up as a military commander without having the capability; spent money lavishly, even more lavishly than it came in from the lucrative court office of Master of the Horse; and when the Queen was obviously within sight of death, fomented plans to replace her. Whether by the next heir, James VI of Scotland, or by himself is not clear. In 1601 this premature *coup d'état* ended in failure and sent him to the block.

Lacey makes no excuses for Essex, but he can feel pity for a flawed, immature young man unable to master any given situation except on personal terms, whose excuse for his whole life—"I had so little hand in my own making; I was shaped by the time"—is reminiscent of our own young. His failings, Lacey points out, "were the failings of youth, and through most of the 1590s it seemed reasonable to presume that they would vanish with maturity." Meanwhile:

> Somewhat careless of his appearance, a somewhat awkward dancer whose tall frame stooped with his head thrust forward as he moved, silent and contemplative at mealtimes, his behavior hinted at poetic depths which slicker courtiers lacked. His long, brooding sulks, which in later years were to infuriate Elizabeth beyond recall, fitted exactly into the fashionable conventions of pastoral melancholia. His furrowed brow and furious eyes could exert a Byronic attraction. And when he smiled his beauty was irresistible.

Portraits reveal that he resembled the late Errol Flynn, who played Essex opposite Bette Davis in *Elizabeth the Queen.*

Lacey shows awareness of the direction in which modern historical research is tending, particularly in his exposition of Essex's financial circumstances, the clue to his ambition and his fall. Though fair to Elizabeth, Lacey is unsparing with her failings. He recognizes that at times she was quite incapable of handling this excitable and unstable young man, especially since "proving a point always gave her greater satisfaction than being happy." He is also fair to Essex's enemies, the old Treasurer, Lord Burghley, and his unpleasing son, Robert Cecil. The sentimentalists cast them in the role of wicked uncles; Lacey recognizes that they were doing a good job of governing the country, and Essex was no help to them. He was a hindrance.

Lacey does not realize how serious a menace Essex was. His potential violence, backed up by troops of hired followers and seigneurial supporters, and his early try for military leadership by the deliberate creation of knights in defiance of the Queen's orders posed a threat to a society which had no police force and only a very small standing army (and that of doubtful loyalty in an emergency leading to civil war between court rivals). His effort to control government patronage at the highest level was a failure yet it obliged the Queen to hold certain important offices—such as the Secretaryship of State and the Mastership of the Court of Wards—vacant for months, to the detriment of good government, simply because she dared not cross him. Though his rising in 1601 was a ludicrous fiasco, it was not just an unbalanced gesture arising from a tiff with a mother substitute Queen but a serious bid for power which had for long been elaborately planned.

Essex had no administrative or financial abilities, nor did he attract those who had. Men of intelligence who possessed these talents prudently left him. (Incidentally, Lacey's portrait of one of them, Francis Bacon, is a highlight in the book.) The English had no military tradition, and precious little maritime tradition, popular myth notwithstanding, so such posts as Commander-in-Chief or Admiral of the Fleet were always up for grabs. Essex's stepfather had been lucky enough to occupy one when England was at peace. Essex was unlucky of course. In the Spanish War, which broke out in 1587-88, something more was necessary than fine tangerine uniforms and fluent bluster. The attack on Cadiz, as well as the Islands Voyage, showed that though Essex was brave enough, and could lead men in battle, he could not plan a victory or deal with the consequences when he inadvertently won one. The disastrous expedition to Ireland confirmed that he was unable to improvise, because he had no basic knowledge on which to work. Other amateurs of his class, like Lord Howard of Effingham, who led the fleet against the Armada, or Lord Mountjoy, who eventually pacified Ireland, found the necessary expertise when they had to. Essex did not. When he returned from Dublin in 1600 with his tail between his legs he was finished. He spoke his own epitaph when someone told him to compose himself. "There is nothing to compose," he said simply. "I am pieces."

Robert Lacey has brought to this, his first book, that freshness of approach which is the fledgling's virtue and advantage, without the slackness, sentimentality, inaccuracy, and sheer ignorance that all too often accompany it. Lacey, moreover, has a strong sense of historical reality, and he re-creates the background of Tudor life and government without apparent effort.

John P. Kenyon, a professor in the department of history at the University of Hull, is the author of "The Stuarts."

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

LET JUSTICE BE DONE!

Ruth B. Stebbins of Elizabeth, New Jersey, asks you to attribute each quotation to the correct socially conscious author. For answers and sources, see page 52.

1. Man was born free and everywhere he is in chains. ( )
2. The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time. ( )
3. Till the war-drum throbbed no longer . . . / In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world. ( )
4. Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison. ( )
5. It is clear that thought is not free if the profession of certain opinions makes it impossible to earn a living. ( )
6. Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
   The short and simple annals of the poor. ( )
7. White as an angel is the English child,
   But I am black, as if bereaved of light. ( )
8. Man's inhumanity to man / Makes countless thousands mourn! ( )
9. Oh, God! that bread should be so dear / And flesh and blood so cheap! ( )
10. We began by declaring that "All men are created equal." We now practically read it: "All men are created equal except Negroes and foreigners and Catholics." ( )

a. Blake. b. Burns. c. Gray. d. Hood. e. Jefferson. f. Lincoln. g. Rousseau. h. Russell. i. Tennyson. j. Thoreau

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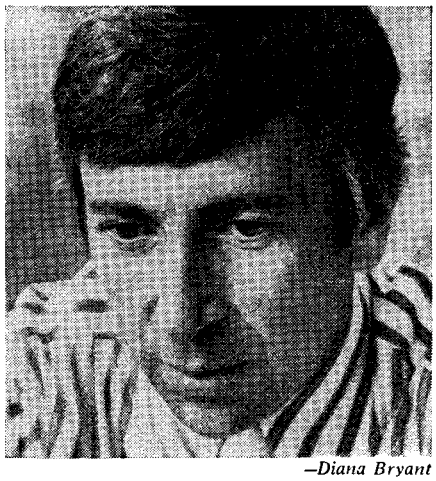
Book Business

Alan Green

In his 1969 best-seller, *The Kingdom and the Power*, Gay Talese told the fascinating history of *The New York Times* and its founding family. Now he has written another biblically entitled book—*Honor Thy Father* (World, October)—which provides an equally engrossing family portrait of New York's Mafia. Focusing on Salvatore "Bill" Bonanno, son of Joseph Bonanno, reputed head of one of the five New York "families" that control the organization, Talese discloses details of mobs, rackets, and violence that I didn't think could be divulged without fear of reprisal except from within prison (Joe Valachi) or in fiction (Mario Puzo, Jimmy Breslin). Talese tells of the families within the "families": the Sicilian-born fathers; the sons, often college-educated and lacking the implacability needed to carry on the Cosa Nostra tradition and practice; the wives, convent-bred and, before marriage, astonishingly innocent of their menfolk's sub-rosa careers. He describes their homes, instantly convertible to manned fortresses against the attacks of rivals and even the FBI, which on two occasions actually bombed them. Because the grandchildren, Talese says, are untrained to fulfill their heritage, the Mafia, numbering 5,000 today, may die out. But that won't kill off organized crime, in which some 100,000 are engaged, infiltrating everything from labor unions to legitimate business.

Since 1959, when he was an occasional crime reporter for the *Times*, Talese has wanted to tell the Mafia story. The project did not become possible until he won the trust of Bill Bonanno, whom he had met in 1965. The turning point, a few years later, occurred immediately after Bill was ambushed and fired on in a dark Brooklyn street. No paper carried an account of the murder attempt, and Bill thought his enemies had paid the police not to report it. Believing publicity would increase his safety, Bill asked Talese to leak the story. It ran in the *Times*, for which the latter no longer worked. The attack was not repeated, and Bill became relaxed with Talese. He was flattered, too, that someone wanted to build a book around him; his father might be a Don, but Bill would be a leading character. And books meant something to Bill: he owns and has read much of Sartre, Koestler, the Churchill histories, and everything about the FBI and the Mafia. As Bill, his wife Rosalie, their



—*Diana Bryant*

Gay Talese—relaxed a Mafioso.

sisters and brothers confided in Talese, Bill experienced a therapeutic unburdening, resulting in a new level of communication with his father, to whom —his deep filial respect notwithstanding—he could now assert his sense of personal identity.

Bill and the others reminisced without notes. Mafiosi don't keep diaries; they've trained their memories. Talese once rode in an elevator with Bill. Above the doors of the cab were little glass panels, one for each floor with the names of the occupants. Later that day Bill casually recalled every tenant and his location. I imagine he plays a good game of cards.

Hollis Alpert, *SR* movie critic and a contributing editor, has a new novel, his fifth, coming in late October from Dial. When I heard that *The People Eaters* was about a weekly magazine published in New York, I wondered if it were a *roman à clef*. But the book turns out to be about a couple of other periodicals—both, a foreword solemnly assures the reader, fictitious. One is *The Metropolitan*, witty, urbane, literate, its reputation as sound as its closely held stock. The other, *The New York Scene*, is brash, bright, clever, intensely with-it, and undeterred by any scruple in its pursuit of *The Metropolitan*'s circulation and advertising lineage. The people eaters are certain of the editors, critics, backers, secretaries—all moving through authentic New York scenes: the elegant restaurants, the sleazy walk-ups, the commodious co-ops, brassy discotheques, and executive offices with and without couches. Particularly memorable are *The Metropolitan*'s doubt-ridden, self-driven editor and *The New York Scene*'s calculating and spectacularly endowed girl feature writer, as confident on printed page, at cocktail bash, or in TV talk-show as at home—anyone's. It's a beautifully interwoven story, which, on my way to the explosive denouement, gave me a continuing sense of *déjà vu*. Indeed, getting there was half the fun.

Coming this fall: *The Penguin Companion to World Literature*, a four-volume work that McGraw-Hill, its American publisher, states "is the only reference work on literature that is truly universal in scope." Although *The Penguin* sticks to this planet, it is not only world-wide but literature-long, with Kirby Congdon, Per Atterbom, Let-We Thon Dara, and Can Themba among the many writers to be found in no other comprehensive research tool.

From Putnam's, in October, look for *Those Damned Rebels*, by Michael Pearson. This account of the Revolutionary War is told exclusively from the British viewpoint as revealed in journals of George III, his ministers, and other prominent Englishmen, as well as in letters of British officers on the American battlefront. It's a sort of law-and-order version of our revolution as seen by an offended establishment.

In May I reported Knopf's plan to publish some first novels at an experimental $3.50 instead of the more typical $5.95. In the past three months two of these titles have sold 5,000 copies each—a better record than that of most first novels, but probably not a pay-out at that price. Since, as their editor expected, they sold especially well through campus bookstores, he thinks that publication earlier in the academic year might have boosted the totals. Two other "Borzoi Puppies" are due in October. On September 23 Liveright will inaugurate with two titles their New Writers Series at $3.95 each. These are also first novels in inexpensive but adequate formats. More about this trial plan as it develops.

If a tentative plan is adopted for next season's National Book Awards, judges in each category will make nominations for NBA prizes rather than vote on candidates selected for them by various facets of the publishing industry. This to avoid situations like the 1971 *Love Story* hassle. In addition, the National Book Committee has under study a proposal to increase the number of categories from seven to ten, which would separate history from biography, science from religion-philosophy, and create a new award for the best book on contemporary affairs.

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MYSTERIES

by Knut Hamsun
translated from the Norwegian
by Gerry Bothmer

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 340 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Raymond Rosenthal

■ Knut Hamsun, who is not so well known in America as in Europe, is usually associated with paeans to nature and the sturdy, good life on the soil, whereas in fact they enter his superb early works hardly at all. He is also considered old-fashioned, one of those interminably boring Scandinavians who have, unregrettably, dropped from sight. Thus the release now of *Mysteries*, one of the greatest novels from Hamsun's most creative period is likely to elicit surprise and even bewilderment. Although it was first published in 1892, there is little in the novel that is dated—considerably less than in Hardy or Dostoevsky—and much that is timeless and speaks directly to us all. Ten years before Freud published any of his important works, Hamsun created here the prototypical misfit—the man constitutionally out of step with mundane society—and he did it in a fresh, vivid manner that has outlived innumerable imitations.

The misfit is Johan Nagel, a youngish man in a loud yellow suit and white corduroy cap, who suddenly plumps down in a small seaside hotel in Norway during the summer season. He has a few suitcases, a violin case containing soiled linen, an iron ring with magical properties, and a vial of prussic acid—his "escape hatch" should the world's vulgarity and hypocrisy overwhelm him. Soon the town's small circle of cultivated people—the local doctor, the schoolteacher, various government officials—are captivated, then repelled by Nagel, who talks and talks and talks. He falls in love with the town beauty, is rejected by her, gets involved in a series of incredible messes, proposes marriage to a middle-aged spinster, is accepted, then mysteriously turned down, tries to commit suicide, fails, suffers the torments of an imaginary death, and finally—by then completely deranged—jumps into the sea, disappearing as suddenly as he came.

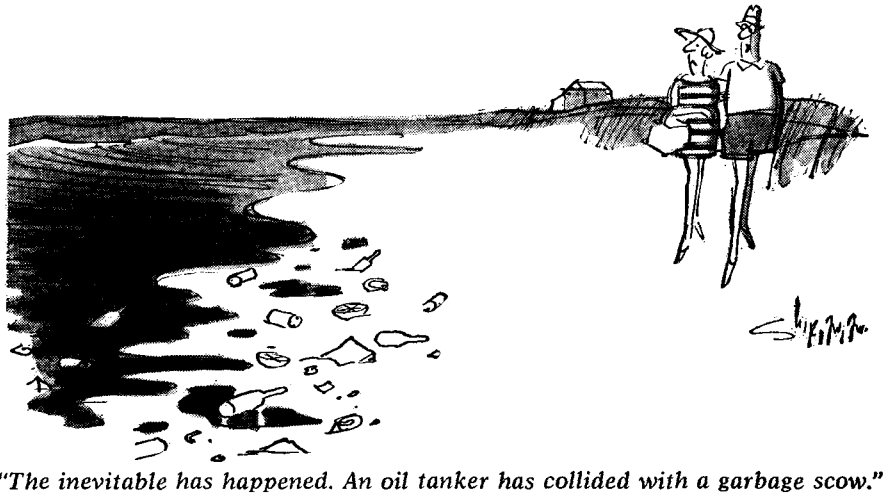
One doubts that a more touching and powerful picture of a man in the grip of schizophrenia has ever been produced in literature. Every stroke in the portrayal is fluid, glancing, tantalizingly uncertain, sheathed in a kind of glittering darkness, yet startlingly alive and concrete. The glittering darkness is, of course, Nagel's unconscious, which pours out of him in tales, visions, dreams, nightmares, jokes, violent satirical apostrophes, and brief periods of intense euphoria. Hamsun simply presents him, with all of his faults, vices, quirks, and charm—incipient insanity *can* be charming—but never tries to interpret him.

Nagel—this man teetering on the brink of insanity, propelled through ecstasies and despair by the tides of his dream-life, eagerly awaiting a sign or revelation, yet forever disappointed precisely because of the boundless uncertainty of his desires—is a masterful creation. The real mystery of the novel, one of the great seminal works of nineteenth-century European literature, is not only Nagel's anguish and joy, so plastically conveyed, but the way in which his intensity seems to infect and engulf everyone he encounters. Look, Hamsun seems to be saying, for one short summer all these simple, rather mediocre people came into contact with this joy-possessed man—for Nagel's dominant mood is one of joy—and everything has been subtly, irremediably changed. The drab, placid surface of life is an illusion; Nagel's vision of delight is the profundity.

Those who lament the decline of the novel, its dissolution in the ideologies of art and politics, might well consider that this work, though burdened with tirades and lengthy speeches about Nietzscheanism and other antidemocratic ideologies fashionable in their day, overcomes this flaw by the power of its narration. Hamsun himself was a victim of such biases and made the disastrous mistake of supporting the Nazis during the Second World War. But in Nagel's voice these views are in character and provide him with another dimension of truth—the crucial test of literature.

Are the same readers who have made *The Bell Jar* a best-seller ready for Hamsun's account of human despair, ecstasy, and dislocation? I doubt it, but the publishers should be congratulated on reviving *Mysteries*, especially in a fine new translation and splendid piece of bookmaking—with large type, wide margins, and good paper—as befits the classic that this work in fact is.

Raymond Rosenthal, a critic and translator of Italian, has recently rendered Tommaso Landolfi's book of short stories, "Cancerqueen," into English.



"The inevitable has happened. An oil tanker has collided with a garbage scow."

TENT OF MIRACLES

by Jorge Amado
translated from the Portuguese
by Barbara Shelby

Knopf, 380 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Donald A. Yates

■ Brazilian novelist Jorge Amado has returned to his beloved Bahia, that tropical coastal city of whites, mulattos, and blacks, to lay the scene for another adventure of the human spirit. And his message, presented more vehemently here than in his two most successful earlier novels, *Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon* (1962) and *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* (1969), is again the need to love and have tolerance towards one's fellow man.

Buttressed by delightful ribaldry and exotic trimmings, along with detailed observations of black culture and religion, *Tent of Miracles* is basically a propagandistic work that advocates miscegenation. The protagonist is Pedro Archanjo, an indigent native mulatto, and a genius of sorts, who, with his closest friend (the owner of the Tent of Miracles, a precarious printing enterprise), has quietly published three landmark works of anthropology and a cookbook. In Archanjo's lifetime his books—*Daily Life in Bahia, The African Influence on the Customs of Bahia, Notes of Miscegenation Among the Families of Bahia,* and *Bahia Cookery: Origins and Precepts*—attracted little attention, though his *Notes* so incensed the upper reaches of Bahian society

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that they had the print shop raided and Archanjo tossed into jail. He was soon released, but his creative period was then ended, and he died many years later, at the age of seventy-five, a man deeply loved by the lower classes.

Archanjo's story is told, in a long, richly textured narrative, by Fausto Pena, a local poet and ill-fated lover who temporarily loses his delectable sweetheart to the Yankee charms of one James D. Levenson, Columbia University professor and Nobel Prize-winner. While visiting Bahia, Levenson discovers Archanjo's books, and is the first to proclaim their importance. In addition, he commissions the chronically poor Pena to commit the facts of Archanjo's life to paper. The dead author's fame now spreads like a forest fire, and a great centennial celebration of his birth is held in 1968.

The profound dignity of the self-taught Archanjo, whose closest brush with college came when he was a runner at the university's School of Medicine, is described with great care:

> With students and professors alike, Archanjo was polite and solicitous but never humble or obsequious. Bahians are not usually either one. In the pride of his manhood the poorest man in the city is the equal of the most powerful magnate, and far more civilized.

Archanjo's manhood is also appreciated by women:

> Pedro Archanjo visited them all, one after another, and kept them happy as if he had nothing to do in life but lie around in bed and ball. A lord, a pasha, a vainglorious cock-of-the-walk, always ready to jump into bed or sit down at the table. He led a soft, sweet life, lolling at his ease. No woman alive had ever made him suffer the agony, the martyrdom, the fear of never having her or of losing her; for the shameless, wheedling womenfolk had no pride and ran after him and hung on his neck, flattering and provocative; never in their wildest dreams would they have thought of leaving him or making jealous scenes or putting horns on his head. Such were the joys of Pedro Archanjo; his mouth and his arms were never empty.

Amado's strategy is clear. With these qualities of Archanjo's character firmly established, how could one question the soundness of his studies on the beneficent African influence in Brazil?

For a novel with such didactic purpose, *Tent of Miracles* reads exceptionally well, thanks in large measure to Barbara Shelby's admirable translation from the Portuguese.

Bahia surely has no greater poet than Jorge Amado.

Donald A. Yates is completing a critical biography of Jorge Luis Borges.

SMITH'S GAZELLE

by Lionel Davidson

Knopf, 260 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Robert J. Milch

■ Smith's Gazelle, an attractive, graceful little creature, was discovered for science in 1866 by George Lucie Smith, an English army officer and naturalist making a one-man survey of the Sinai Peninsula, and was described by him, in terms that horrified the staid zoological community of nineteenth-century Europe, as "a handsome little beast with an expression of Madame Patti [a popular Italian operatic soprano of the period]—small, I should say, for a gazelle. It tastes of turkey."

According to many scientists, then and now, *Gazella smithii* never existed, and Smith was either mistaken in his observations or a hoaxer; according to the rest, it may indeed have existed when Smith saw and reported it in 1866, but since then it has become extinct thanks to the unfortunate fondness of the local Bedouins for gazelle meat.

Smith's Gazelle, a new novel by Lionel Davidson, the author of *The Menorah Men,* is replete with fact and fancy about gazelles, and, like its elusive eponym, is a spirited creature of grace and charm. Set in modern Israel during the period from shortly before the War of Independence in 1948 until just after the Six Day War in 1967, it is a winsomely entertaining tale that readers are bound to enjoy, and, like all really good tales, it has a thought-provoking moral as a solid underpinning for its animated, fast-paced narrative.

At the center of *Smith's Gazelle* is a curious figure named Hamud, an Arab from Syria who flees his home village after committing two revenge murders, and takes refuge in an unoccupied and almost inaccessible ravine in the corner of Israel just below the Golan Heights. Here, he believes, in a place commonly regarded by his people as the sacred abode of djinns and lost souls, he will be safe. Soon after his arrival in the ravine, he is joined there by the last surviving member of the species *Gazella smithii,* a pregnant female who is herself in flight and seeking a safe hiding place.

Puzzled at first by this peculiar animal, which bears only a slight resemblance to any gazelle he has ever seen before, Hamud comes to understand her mysterious appearance in the ravine as a sign to him from God, imagining further that Allah has de-

"When I grow up? Well, I want to assume responsibility of a gigantic corporation, taking the helm at a time when the company has been suffering severe reverses and turn it around, making it a model of efficiency and a leader in its field. But first of all I want to be a human being responding to the needs of my fellow man."

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cided to put him to a test by assigning him the task of protecting the gazelle and her offspring and all their future progeny.

Alone with her in the isolated ravine, he becomes obsessed with a sense of mission, and by a superhuman effort surmounts tremendous natural and technical obstacles, raising a herd of gazelles which grows at such a rapid rate that within a few years it numbers in the thousands.

Hamud sees himself, at the outset, as "a partner, at least an assistant, of God," a role he accepts with humility. In the course of carrying out and meditating on what he sees as his calling, he gradually evolves into a humble religious visionary of a kind the Near East produced often in ancient times. His ideas and thought patterns begin to resemble those of the Hebrew prophets.

Though Hamud never fails to acknowledge the sovereignty of the greater God in whose universe he is but a tiny part, it is not long before he begins to take on godlike dimensions himself. At first, for instance, Hamud avoids calculating the growth rate of his herd, since "there were certain religious injunctions against forecasting natural increase, which lay within the gift of God alone." He finally brings himself to do the requisite arithmetic, however, feeling that his act must be an expression of God's will since it is one of his responsibilities as lord of the ravine.

Similarly, after terracing the ravine and building certain necessary structures, Hamud gives thanks to God for providing the materials, then "looked about him . . . saw all that he'd done so far, and . . . saw that it was very good. Then he hurried home for the next stage of creation."

In time, Hamud's gazelles become so numerous that they threaten to increase beyond his capacity to superintend them and the ravine's to offer shelter and sustenance. Convinced that even this must be part of a higher plan, Hamud concludes that God intends to repopulate Palestine, the Holy Land, with gazelles, since both Jews and Arabs have proved themselves unworthy of occupying it. Like the biblical Moses, whom he resembles in being afflicted with a speech defect and in having brought forth water from a rock, Hamud prepares to lead his charges into the land of promise. He accepts as divine messengers two boys who wander into the ravine—an Israeli named Jonathan and a Bedouin lad from Jordan named Musallem. Soon after, he observes the long-awaited signs from above—the thunder, lightning, and chaos of the 1967 war—and finally Joshua appears in the person of an official of the Israel Nature Reserves Authority.

Smith's Gazelle ends on a note of irony and poignancy, and it would be an injustice to both reader and author to reveal it here. Suffice it to say, then, that this is a delightful and highly entertaining book, enriched and made more interesting by its colorful, lively portrayal of Arab and Israeli life-styles and recent history.

Robert J. Milch has a special interest in works of fiction about Israel.

"I think I'll retire while I'm still young enough to enjoy the ruckus over the selection of my successor."

Criminal Record

Fact

The Girl on the Volkswagen Floor. *By William A. Clark. Harper & Row.* $5.95. In June of 1968 the body of a young Ohio schoolteacher was found curled up on the floor of her Volkswagen. The brutal murder seemed to be without motivation, and there appeared little chance that the small-town police would solve the crime. William Clark, a local newspaperman at the time, was on the case from the beginning, and was to become involved in it. His story is as gripping and bizarre as the most inventive whodunit, and the self-proclaimed psychic who butted into the sleuthing is a character no novelist would dare to create for fear of overstraining credibility.

Who Murdered Mary Rogers? *By Raymond Paul. Prentice-Hall.* $6.95. The corpse of Mary Cecilia Rogers was fished out of the waters off Hoboken, New Jersey, in 1841. Well known to nineteenth-century New Yorkers as the "Beautiful Seegar Girl" of John Anderson's tobacco emporium on lower Broadway, she gained immortality via Edgar Allan Poe, who based his "Mystery of Marie Roget" on her unsolved murder. Raymond Paul's book re-creates the era, the crime, and its investigation, and even offers a solution. The text also includes the Poe story annotated. A theatrical hamminess occasionally mars Mr. Paul's writing ("Perhaps somewhere along the shaded paths, the lovely arbors, the spirit of Mary Rogers wandered, the ghost that would lure a lover to his death, destroy an old friend's mind, and haunt a woman's dying hours."). But, compared with some of the newspaper prose of the day, this is bland.

Fiction

Sleep Is for the Rich. *By Donald MacKenzie. Houghton Mifflin.* $5.95. Paul Henderson is a thief, and a broke one at that; when we meet him, his seven-year-old daughter, Sophie, seems to be his only asset. On the other hand, Harry Chalice and his sidekick, Crying Eddie, are strictly big-time. Now meet Markia Bergen, a former skating champion whose current interest is in the sort of ice one wears. She is about to toss a superbash in Switzerland at which her jewelry, not to mention that of her international guest list, will be on display. To carry out Chalice's plans to cop all the gems, three thieves, and one little girl, take off for Switzerland, where a police informer and a double-dealing baroness crimp a foolproof

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scheme. Donald MacKenzie's novel is top-grade suspense.

Tarry and Be Hanged. *By Sara Woods. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $4.95. I blush to admit having missed the dozen preceding mysteries featuring barrister Antony Maitland. In this engrossing and intelligent novel he defends a physician whose invalid wife was strangled while the M.D. was out on a call. The latter's alibi is perfect, but when the patient who provided the alibi is exhumed from the doctor's garden, the charge is murder twice over. Can Maitland believe his client's story, and can he clear him? Thereby hangs a tale that kept me enthralled.

The Conjure-Man Dies. *By Rudolph Fisher. Arno.* $5.95. This mystery novel was originally published in 1932 by a now-defunct firm, and Arno Press is to be congratulated for reissuing it. The story focuses on Frimbo, a Harlem conjure-man who for a price will peer into the unknown. One night Frimbo is found with a bruise on his head and a handkerchief stuffed down his throat. He has been murdered—but is he dead? (This apparent contradiction will not be explained here.) Though some of the writing is painfully stilted, the riddle is intriguing. What makes the novel memorable, however, is its evocation of life in a 1930s black ghetto.

The Invisibles. *By Bernhardt J. Hurwood. Fawcett Gold Medal.* 75¢. Professor Larry Conrad has learned "out-of-body projection," which means his astral body can move around unseen anywhere—including through doors and walls—while his physical self stays home in a self-induced trance. Add an ability to read minds, plus a gorgeous model as companion on his astral flights, and you've got a hero who has everything a man could want. Maybe that's why it is impossible to get worked up over any danger to him when he tangles with the Combine, a group planning to seize the U.S.

A Parliament of Owls. *By Patrick Buchanan. Stein & Day.* $5.95. Ben Shock, New York cop, and his girl, Charity Tucker, are up in her hometown of Pilgrim's Pride, Mass., a picturesque spot of Americana ready to explode in a confrontation between right- and left-wing groups. When the opening gun is fired, it blasts the Tucker yacht out of the water. Ben's problem is twofold: to solve the resultant murder of Charity's grandparents, and to save the town. Both are accomplished with Charity's help. The plotting is good, the writing semi-hardboiled, and the ending suggests that Shock and Tucker will team up in the private-eye business. —HASKEL FRANKEL

REDISCOVERIES

edited by David Madden

Crown, 334 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Paul Kresh

■ The game of "Read Any Good (Old) Books Lately?" is played to a fare-thee-well by twenty-seven writers in this collection of essays on neglected works of fiction. We've all played it at one time or another. You get enthusiastic about some book you keep remembering long after everyone else, perhaps wisely, has forgotten it. Possibly, as your overwhelmed guest and victim is leaving for the night, you ransack bookshelves, locate the cherished volume with a joyous cry, and press it into the novitiate's hands, still burbling encomiums. Maybe you never get the poor old thing back. Maybe, after a week or a month or longer, it's returned with a few muttered polite phrases. How could anyone be so obtuse, especially about a book that meant so much to you? One man's masterpiece turns out to be another man's mediocrity.

In a thoughtful introduction David Madden cites John O'Hara's extravagant claims for Hemingway's *Across the River and Into the Trees* when it was first published, and Faulkner's evaluation of Thomas Wolfe as "above himself" to demonstrate the pitfalls into which a project of this kind might stumble. Asked to play a game with vague rules, even writers who were too busy at the time to take up Mr. Madden's challenge, which was issued to 150 of them, responded with friendly enthusiasm. Some made the mistake of rereading the "favorite" volume and were so disappointed they dropped out of the game entirely.

Most of the selections are novels; a few, like Marianne Hauser's *A Lesson in Music,* Glenway Wescott's *Good-Bye Wisconsin,* and Wolfgang Borchert's *The Man Outside,* are collections of short stories. Among the selectors are Kay Boyle, Harvey Swados, Walker Percy, Robert Penn Warren, George P. Elliott, Millen Brand, Irwin Shaw, and R. V. Cassill. Among the selected are Harriette Arno's *The Dollmaker* ("Our most unpretentious American masterpiece," Joyce Carol Oates calls it), Humphrey Cobb's *Paths of Glory,* Norman Douglas's *South Wind,* Daniel Fuchs's *Homage to Blenholt,* Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil,* William Maxwell's *They Came Like Swallows,* Walter M. Miller, Jr.'s *A Canticle for Leibowitz* (which I thought was still doing pretty well in paperback), Mario Puzo's *The Dark Arena,* and Gertrude Stein's first novel, *Things as They Are,* —along with sixteen others most of us forgot long ago or never took notice of in the first place. The time span ranges from Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe,* of 1815, to Boris Pilnyak's *The Volga Falls to the Caspian Sea,* a novel of Soviet life in the 1920s, last brought out here in 1970.

Frequently the authors seem to be searching for mirror-images of themselves and justifications for their own approaches to literature—*apologiae pro vitis suis.* Anaïs Nin praises the stories of Marianne Hauser, which are like her own introspective work, all quivering sensibility. Robert Penn Warren selects Andrew Lytle's *The Long Night,* a regional story dealing with questions of justice that have long preoccupied Mr. Warren, and Benedict Kiely, a journalist and novelist from Ireland, picks *Watergate* by a Kilkennyman named Francis MacManus as his candidate for rescue from remainderdom. There are surprises, however. Walker Percy's suggestion of a profound mystery at the heart of *A Canticle for Leibowitz,* which I recall as a singularly ugly science-fiction ordeal, may send me back to the book just to try to unearth what Mr. Percy thinks the author was driving at. But, as several of these essays point out, books one might think most worthy of reprinting need not necessarily have been pleasant to read—not even a great "literary" experience.

Warren Eyster concedes that he likes Cobb's *Paths of Glory* despite its technical weaknesses because "*no* writer has ever opposed the power structure

WIT TWISTER #232

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The _ _ _ _ and his beloved
lay on deck
And smiled at every _ _ _ _
that smiled on them,
Until three _ _ _ _ breathed
down her lovely neck—
Whereat his lady flipped her diadem!
But he recalled the _ _ _ _ of
chemistry,
Distilled some lethal _ _ _ _,
and killed all three!

—A. S.

(Answer on page 43)

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that exists within modern armies more relentlessly. . . . Cobb warned us then [1935] that military law never seeks justice, but merely selects a scapegoat; a courtmartial is merely the formal ritual or ceremony of condemnation."

Sometimes, as in Jack Matthews's perfunctory comments on Norman Douglas's really unforgettable *South Wind*, the words of praise scarcely rise to the occasion. In other essays, one senses unspoken tugs of friendship, and special pleading. At other times, as in Jane Mayhall's astute look at Gertrude Stein's *Things as They Are* (first published in 1903 and still "a new and shocking book"), and in Mr. Madden's own brilliant concluding examination of William Gaddis's *The Recognitions*, the waters run fast and deep. The discussion of a book, in such instances,

becomes a platform for the launching of ideas with universal implications.

My own nominees for rescue from the scrap heaps turned up more frequently in the bibliography at the end of the book than in the text. I encountered such old friends as Austin Tappan Wright's *Islandia*, Christopher Morley's *Thunder on the Left*, Edward Lewis Wallant's *The Tenants of Moonbloom*, Kenneth Patchen's *Journal of Albion Moonlight*, Ludwig Lewisohn's *The Case of Mr. Crump* and, in a league beyond all of them, Dorothy Richardson's *Pilgrimage*—that crucial missing link in the evolution of modern fiction. If you'll hold on a minute, please, I think I can find the first volume of the twelve down here somewhere . . .

Paul Kresh, a recording executive at Caedmon Records, is writing a novel.

CITY OF WORDS: American Fiction 1950-1970

by Tony Tanner

Harper & Row, 463 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Bernard F. Dick

■ Perhaps we needed a brilliant young Englishman to remind us that America had created a literature of wonder with its child-narrators, numinous ponds, open roads, green lights, and Arcadian West. "Whatever other attitudes the modern European writer has taken up . . . they do not include 'wonder,'" Tony Tanner argued in *The Reign of Wonder* (1965). Our writers had a naïve eye that resisted the corrective lens, Tanner indicated, and since that eye often could not comprehend its vision it turned into its bony socket and contemplated its transparency.

From the Reign of Wonder to the City of Words, from Walden Pond to the Valley of Ashes, from the Mississippi to the Gowanus Canal—this is the serpentine route American fiction has taken. Continuing to wonder, our novelists moved "between the non-identity of pure fluidity and the fixity involved in all definitions." Most of them opted for the mean that Tanner calls "flexibility." A flexible vision required a flexible style, and the novelists warred with language, parodied it, and invented new hieroglyphs which an old poetics could not decipher.

Rather than sing the *horror vacui* blues, the new hero learned alternatives to entropy: Strip and climb a tree, recline and soliloquize, write letters, mythologize, demythologize, compose fictions about fiction, blow glass, or blow your mind. Above all, keep your identity in the world of Scheisskopf and Big Nurse.

Such is our microcosm as Tony Tanner has mapped it in *City of Words*. American writers will find no critic more objective or sympathetic. One expected Tanner to be familiar with Bellow, Roth, Malamud, Mailer, Updike, *et al.*; but he has conserved his best writing for Thomas Pynchon, John Hawkes, and William Gaddis—who can now be added to the canon.

Tanner suggests that America's inferiority complex about its fiction of the last two decades is unwarranted. Although the novel has suffered a seachange, there are pearls in the socket of the Innocent Eye. One can respect *City of Words* even when disagreeing with it. I, for instance, don't share Tanner's admiration for Updike's *The Centaur* and its bloated symbology. To say that for William Burroughs a scatalogical word is "an emotive reference to the foulness of the modern wastelands" is to give excrement a rather obvious symbolic value. The next step would be to argue that Jenny Cavilleri's favorite expression in *Love Story* is a metaphor for her world vision. Well, blame it on the New Criticism.

At times Tanner defeats his purpose. By stressing common themes such as fear of enslavement to systems and the media he has, perhaps unwittingly, worked out a formula for the contemporary American novel in which an archetypal figure, fleeing conformity, isolates himself and finally conforms to his own unpatterned isolation. Have we really reached stereotypy? Herzog and Portnoy may both be "trying to disburden themselves of memories and thoughts which weigh too heavily . . . on their present consciousness." But one does it with a controlled *cri de coeur*, the other with a whine. Flannery O'Connor and Joyce Carol Oates, two writers Tanner acknowledges having omitted, might have lightened the shadow of sameness darkening the lexical city. O'Connor found an amazing freedom within a seemingly rigid theology, and Oates in her last novel, *them*, discovered a similar freedom within the strictures of chronology.

Still, *City of Words* is a superb achievement and ranks with Richard Poirier's *The Performing Self* as one of the few unhysterical accounts of a complex era. The style is dazzling, and there is no need for Tanner to apologize for using our vernacular. "Hang-up" is as critically valid as "vehicle" or "tone." The book has seven appendices, including a superb one on McLuhan, which seem to represent some concession to higher scholarship. Does A. E. Housman's shade still hover about Cambridge?

Bernard F. Dick teaches English and comparative literature at Fairleigh Dickinson University.

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Kenneth Clark

Continued from page 12

the place to attempt a review of his book, but I should say that among the characteristics that have delighted half-a-million readers is his gift of illustrating the homogeneity of human experience—one period of civilization is shown merging gradually into the period that succeeds it—the immense vitality of the human creative spirit, and the continuity of the historical processes that have made us what we are today. Thus his book has brought hope and comfort to those who, looking around them, have hitherto seen only chaos. Clark tells me that he has had innumerable letters of gratitude, far more than he can ever hope to answer.

With four new books already drafted and a couple of new television series—one on the forerunners of modern painting, which is to be directed by his younger son—now in the course of preparation, Clark is an extremely busy man. Much of his work is done at Saltwood Castle, the wonderfully romantic Kentish country house he has occupied for nineteen years, but, because he needs a smaller, less expensive dwelling, he means to leave during the next few months. It was from Saltwood Castle that, in 1170, Henry II's knights set out to murder Thomas Becket at Canterbury Cathedral. The fortress, which incorporates Roman stonework, is a splendid specimen of medieval military architecture; although Clark inhabits the much-restored keep, his library lies across the courtyard, a magnificent lofty room overarched by a fine medieval ceiling.

Here last April, when clumps of Shakespearean primroses spangled the deep green moats that surround the castle walls, I spent some hours as Kenneth Clark's guest. At sixty-eight—he was born on July 13, 1903—he is a trim and active figure, with a hooked nose, an authoritative mouth and jaws, and alert brown eyes rather deep-set beneath a large and square-built cranium. He lives in style—not the style of a modern rich man, but that of a Renaissance grandee. The smallish sitting room in which we talked after luncheon contains a gallery of noble pictures: a Constable landscape, a fascinating Seurat, an early Millet, a still-life by Francisco de Zurbarán of a white cup and a single flower, and one of Samuel Palmer's mysterious rustic visions.

The Constable landscape, though reproduced in a nineteenth-century engraving, has never been exhibited. Its subject is "The Spaniards," an inn on the edge of Hampstead Heath, looking out toward London. Against a stormy sky, charged with dramatic clouds but shot through with ragged shafts of light, a coach is receding down the hill. Darkness has begun to descend, but a pallid sunbeam slants transversally across the view and picks out the round straw hat of a woman standing near the road. Constable has represented the hat by means of a tiny whorl of vivid yellowish pigment.

In his own house, Kenneth Clark is an easy, unself-conscious talker. His range is wide; he seems glad to describe his own past or discuss his future plans but readily branches off into more general topics. Despite his deep affection for Christian art, at no period of his life has he subscribed to any religious dogma. With regard to the prospects of modern civilization, he is neither pessimistic nor unduly hopeful. If there are moments when he feels completely hopeless, there are times when, observing the honest, wide-awake, fresh-minded young people whom he meets on his journeys up and down England, he very soon regains his faith. Clark is a great believer in the young, but he does not underestimate the problems of the young artist who has abandoned all the classic disciplines. It is like, he says, watching a sculptor trying to build up a statue without the help of the traditional armatures that used to hold the clay firm.

Although he refuses to countenance Pop Art, which he dismisses briefly and expressively, many modern painters and sculptors have taken their place in his esthetic pantheon—among the dead, Mondrian, David Smith, and Jackson Pollock (to whom he was first introduced by Peggy Guggenheim); in the ranks of the living, Henry Moore and his old friend and wartime housemate, Graham Sutherland. Clark is a man of the present century; he welcomes the opportunity of appearing on television because it is a method of communication that has a steadily enlarging scope and that simultaneously satisfies the demands of his public and his private character.

Like all genuinely professional writers, Clark enjoys experimenting in a new method, and, once he had grown accustomed to the technique of television, he discovered that it was full of unsuspected possibilities. When he compared his script and the effect of the actual program, he noted that the former, deprived of the sounds and images that accompanied it, lost a great deal of its force and vividness; he became convinced that a blend of "words and music, color and movement" could "extend human experience in a way that words alone cannot do." For this reason, Clark says, "I believe in television . . . and was prepared to give up two years writing to see what could be done with it."

In his preface to *Civilisation,* Clark describes how the series arose; like so many other creative achievements, it had an almost fortuitous beginning:

> The BBC wanted a series of colour films on art, and thought that I might be able to advise them. But when David Attenborough, then responsible for BBC 2, asked me to do so, he used the word *"civilisation,"* and it was this word alone that persuaded me to undertake the work. I had no clear idea what it meant, but I thought it was preferable to barbarism and fancied that this was the moment to say so. In a very few minutes . . . I had thought of a way in which the subject could be treated. . . .

Since civilization was preferable to barbarism, now was the time—a moment in world history when barbarism, under many different guises, seemed to be increasing day by day—to define the nature of the two antagonists. A simple plan, but, thanks to Clark's peculiar blend of qualities, it has succeeded beyond expectation. Luckily, however, his success has not absorbed him to the exclusion of his other interests; of the four new books that already exist in draft, one is to be an autobiography.

This book, he explained while he drove me back toward the station, will have an imaginative rather than a chronological framework. He proposes to concentrate on the crucial stages of his career, on "the golden nuggets of experience" that give an artist's life its meaning. As to *Civilisation*—well, he is grateful for his success and for the solid benefits it brought him, but, being an introspective, extremely scrupulous, and (he sometimes adds) a "timid" man, he cannot help distrusting it. He feels that it was somehow wrong. I asked him why; I could see no wrongness in the idea myself. "There must be something wrong with *any* best seller," he answered firmly, as he kept a careful eye upon the road.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

In the Land of Vodka and Coke

LEAVING Reykjavík and driving into the Icelandic countryside is like switching centuries. One of the few old-fashioned things about that capital city is its clean air. Yet the moment you pass the city limits you bump down a dusty road into an age that Leif Ericson himself, born on a farm in western Iceland a thousand years ago, might recognize.

Perhaps I exaggerate, but not by too many years. "I am typical of an Icelander who grew up to see the transition from the eleventh to the twentieth century in a lifetime," a middle-aged man from Reykjavík told me on the eve of my foray into the country. "I was born on a farm north of here in 1911 and I used to see farmers passing by on horseback carrying butter and meat to the coast, then returning on the same trail with loads of dried fish, just as they had a thousand years before." In recent times the horse has given way to the jeep as Iceland's main form of rural transportation and although my friend observed that the twentieth century has fully arrived, I think he too was exaggerating.

There are bus tours to all corners of that not-so-negotiable island, in well-cushioned vehicles equipped with giant tires to withstand all kinds of obstacles, chief among them rampant streams that gush across roads during rainier times and can spell the end to an afternoon drive. The tours take in geysers, bubbling hot springs, and other of Iceland's natural curiosities. But on that shining Saturday morning in mid-July I somehow wasn't in the mood for group travel and so caught on with a young U.S. Naval officer who was on weekend liberty from the nearby base at Keflavík and felt like testing the staying power of his new Volkswagen.

Hardly out of town we were flagged down by two young men who seemed to be in trouble beside a gas station. They were Icelanders and what they wanted was a ride to a horse show somewhere in the country. So they got in and sat in the back laughing, talking with us in rather easy English, and swigging from Coke bottles. When they passed one up front I realized with a sip they were partaking of the national drink, Coca-Cola and vodka. The drug culture has made only a small dent on Iceland, and indeed Jon and Eggert—both students, one in business, the other in medicine—wondered aloud how anyone could prefer smoking a joint to concocting a bottle of this caramel-colored joy.

Iceland claims to have 10,000 miles of roadway (of which a bare sixty or seventy miles is paved), and after an hour you begin to feel you've covered the whole network—yet on the map you are barely out of Reykjavík and coming to the first fjord north of the city. Actually if you can put up with rising dust clouds and the constant necessity of tooling down on curves, the ride is passably smooth; Iceland's highway department periodically scrapes the roads and irons out the bigger bumps.

Looking across the blue water to the soft green cliffs of the opposite side, I got the impression, quite false, that we would be around the bend of the fjord in no time. Fortunately for Jon and Eggert there was a cafeteria selling Cokes along the way. A few miles later we made another stop to investigate the source of a powerful odor escaping from a huddle of buildings among the rocks. It was a whaling station, one of the few in the North Atlantic, in the midst of hauling ashore a catch of sperm and fin whales. The dock was covered with tons of blubber, entrails, and black hide; it was slick with blood. The whales, harpooned somewhere within 200 miles of the station (because the carcasses wouldn't keep over a longer return trip), were being dragged from the water up a ramp, and as they flopped on the dock teams of men set to work cutting and stripping, like surgeons with outsize instruments.

Hundreds of gulls wheeled above the operation, and a few that ventured nearer rode on the blood-red water picking at a slaughtered whale about to be hauled up the ramp. Iceland's whale meat is sold in local butcher shops and, according to a friend who's eaten it, "can be prepared in such a way that you can't tell it from beef." Much of the annual catch of 400 (taken in the season from May to September) ends up as dog food in England. From the blubber come candles, margarine, wax, and oil. The dock was growing higher with whale flesh. It wasn't a pretty sight, and the stench from the processing plant was fouling Iceland's notably pristine air, but I couldn't help standing there a long time, watching the odd harvest, while the tourist buses came and went.

Pounding along the road, slicing between green fields, we saw two girls—scantily dressed girls—raking mounds of freshly cut grass. "It must be great to work in a bikini," I shouted over the hum and clatter. "They are not in bikinis!" came the uproarious reply from the back seat. "They are in underwear!" Up the road, the lovely tableau passed before us again. It was strange to see girls pitching hay, no matter what their habiliment, but Jon and Eggert observed that on one-family farm operations everyone is put to work. Besides, Icelandic women often hold traditionally male jobs.

Around a bend we came upon a scattering of people sitting on a grassy hillside. They were members of a tour group, waiting out a fierce struggle on the road below. Their bus, its giant wheels notwithstanding, was stuck in a stream while a heavy-duty vehicle, whining and spinning on the bank, tried to pull it free. Four or five cars were backed up behind the bus, unable to get by. Nobody seemed to mind, and in fact those who weren't lending physical or moral support to the trapped bus sat amid the tall grass and flowers taking in the untarnished sunshine. I too surrendered to the peace—and additionally to that vexing jet lag that can sneak up behind a traveler and render him witless in the broad light of afternoon. The next thing I knew Jon and Eggert were standing over me, urging that we push onward, no matter what the obstacle. Just as our VW squeezed by, its wheels fairly skimming the water, the bus lurched forward and climbed the soggy bank, putting an end to an impromptu Icelandic picnic.

After another Coke stop, we descended into a broad green meadow, scene of a mysterious horse show. At the entrance to the parking area we were halted by several sentries who demanded a sum of nearly $4 from each of us. At first Jon, the nervier of our two backseat drivers, insisted that we park the car somewhere else and steal in on foot. He elected instead to employ friendly persuasion. Approaching the guards, he explained that he and his friend were on an important guiding assignment and would spend only a short time inside showing us around. Within minutes, we were reclining in tall grass watching Icelandic ponies parading about in what appeared, to the unpracticed eye, to be general chaos. Now and then a pony would bolt to the front of the pack and carry its rider, usually an elderly man, thumping around the makeshift oval track, bringing titters from the crowd.

If one lost interest in the main event there was always the scenery to behold—a wide blue lake and in the distance, just to remind you that all Icelandic days would not be made of sunshine and clover, a range of snow-capped mountains. When my Navy friend and I got up to go, Jon and Eggert were riveted to the ground, alternately snoozing and sipping, quite intent on staying through the day and—who knows—perhaps spending the

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night somewhere out there in the Icelandic wilds. No need to worry. They were equipped with a huge wicker-covered jug of wine in case the Coke and vodka ran out.

On an identically clear Sunday morning, I made my second and last sortie into the countryside before flying the next day to Copenhagen. The goal was to take a *lax*, or salmon, which I had failed to achieve in previous summers, first on the Thurso River in northern Scotland where the Queen Mother herself fishes, and later on Norway's venerated Flam River. There hadn't been so much as a tug in either spot. I was guaranteed my luck would change in Iceland, one of the few countries on earth that has increased its salmon crop—by planting new ones every year in its many rivers and by forbidding fishing in the surrounding seas. "You will take one salmon and then we will quit," said the man at the wheel as we rode out of town and proceeded around the same fjord we had negotiated the day before. Somewhere beyond the whaling station we stopped at a cafeteria and gas station to meet a talented fisherman and photographer named Rafn Hafnfjord. He had been out the last day or two guiding the President of Finland, Urho Kekkonen, who was in Iceland strictly to fish and relax. "You see how democratic we are in Iceland?" said my friend, scarcely kidding. "Rafn already had an appointment with us, so he had no choice but to leave Kekkonen on his own."

Salmon fishing is so closely regulated in Iceland that you have to rent a certain portion of a stream, usually some months in advance, pay up to $80 for a day's permit (which includes lodging, meals, gillie, jeep, etc.), and observe lawful fishing hours, 7 a.m. to noon and 2 to 9 p.m. We pulled up beside a stream, the Laxá (meaning salmon river), where Hafnfjord operates a tiny A-frame lodge, and since it was just after noon we had nothing to do but plop down on the bank, eat our box lunches, brush away some aggressive insects, and wait until 2. It was no bother. A fresh breeze was blowing down the valley and the air was sweet with red clover.

This was not to be an idle fish-and-bull outing—or so I gathered as Hafnfjord took it upon himself to practically pour me into hip boots, guide me into the rushing stream, plant my feet, place both of his hands beside mine on the rod, and talk me through the beginning motions. In a matter of moments I—we—had enticed a healthy salmon, but after Hafnfjord had tugged me ashore and backed off to shout instructions, the fish leaped from the water and tore free. The second time out, with my mentor and two friends shrieking encouragement from the banks ("Let the line out! Keep the rod up!"), a five-pound salmon somehow flopped ashore on the end of my line. Just to prove it wasn't fixed, we shifted to a pool downstream and I pulled in another five-pounder.

It wasn't quite the titanic struggle I'd anticipated—no bloody hands or wrenched back—but there was a surge, a thrill in each initial strike and confrontation. And when Hafnfjord took over, he showed a marvelously nimble technique that transcended the mundane matter of catching or not catching a fish. He darted along the bank, bending, leaning, twisting, controlling the rod like a fencer handling an épée, and when the salmon finally capitulated he

A place called Thingvellir—"fields of heather, broad meadowland, and landscapes that would put a South Dakotan at home."

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let out a joyous yell, in Icelandic, as though he had made the first catch of his life.

The route back to Reykjavík that afternoon took me through new territory, past fields of heather on the verge of blooming, craggy landscapes that would have put a South Dakotan at home, and broad meadowland tended, alas, by fully clothed field hands. As side roads merged into the main stream and traffic began to thicken, the dust rose and went sweeping down the valleys like trails of autumn smoke. My friend at the wheel kept a safe distance from the car in front so the dust wouldn't block our view of the shifting scenery. From a distance the long caravan must have looked like Patton's tanks rumbling across the North African desert.

Through a mountain pass we entered a green valley protected by lava cliffs, a place Icelanders know as Thingvellir, where the world's oldest legislative body in continuous existence, the Althing, met every summer for eight centuries until it was moved to Reykjavík in 1800. At the end of the valley lies the largest lake in Iceland, Thingvallavatn. That's a lot of things to remember. The lake, 300 feet deep in places, jumps with small trout called *murta*, which can be taken with less expense and ceremony than the well-coddled salmon. We might have tried the *murta* but we already had plenty of *lax*, if no bagels, in the trunk.

New Look in Heidiland

LATE SUMMER VISITORS to Switzerland will get few glimpses of yodelers in feathered caps, schoolgirls in Heidi dresses, or meadows blooming with edelweiss. A determined traveler can still find all that, but less so each year. Old attitudes, along with old traditions, are fading. As recently as February, Swiss men voted to extend the franchise to women—toppling a tradition as old as the state itself. Among other changes a visitor will note:

● Officials in Lugano—a city residents cheerfully call "the Miami Beach of Switzerland"—recently declared the town's most popular beach, the Lido, unfit for swimming, but a new pool will absorb some of the polluted Lido's masses.

● Deep in the heart of William Tell territory, the annual International Festival of Music in Lucerne is supplementing such staples as chamber and folk music with a "West Meets East" concert, featuring Ravi Shankar among other soloists. The Israel Philharmonic will appear for the first time at the festival, which runs through September 7.

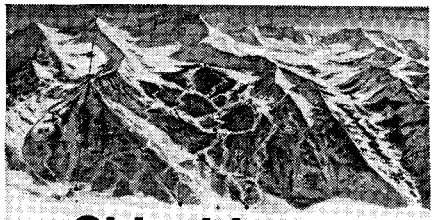
● The new Airport Hilton near Kloten fits so smoothly into the low hilltop surroundings that the main lobby occupies the third floor. (A first-floor room is two flights down.) Eight miles from the center of Zurich and a mile from the airport, the hotel spreads out over acreage that was once a cherry orchard and dairy farm. Its restaurant, Sutter's Grill, honors the indomitable Swiss whose sawmill gave birth to the Gold Rush. Besides such national favorites as *rösti* potatoes, the menu lists "spit-roasted jack rabbit," venison pâté, sourdough loaves, and café expresso "strong enough to float a horseshoe."

On the other side of town lies the new, deluxe Atlantis Hotel. Its whereabouts is no mystery to Zurichers; the hotel rises from a slope piled with rhododendrons and a forest of cedarlike *eibe* trees. All sixty rooms have sweeping views of city or forest, double doors for soundproofing, and TV (some color) with programs in French and German.

● Visitors to the two-thousand-year-old town of Chur can now find the important sights by following a series of red and green footsteps painted on the sidewalks, a scheme dreamed up by the town fathers, one which they claim is unique in Europe. Footprints lead to a medieval cathedral, monuments, and the Hotel Stern Restaurant, something of a monument in itself. Food is so lovingly tended that a recent menu offered air-dried beef barely snatched from Alpine pastures and—hand-picked hours earlier—"asparagus from the garden of a former city councilman."

● Army reservists toting submachine guns still patrol the runways at Zurich and Geneva airports—a jarring sight in a land noted for peacemaking. The troops have been deployed on twenty-four-hour watch since the hijacking of a Swissair plane on September 6, 1970. Swissair DC-8s now fly into both airports thrice weekly from Boston, and a 747 goes over daily from New York's John F. Kennedy Airport, complete with Lucullan banquets, movies, and yodeling at the push of a button. Alas, no Saint Bernards.

—JANICE HARAYDA.



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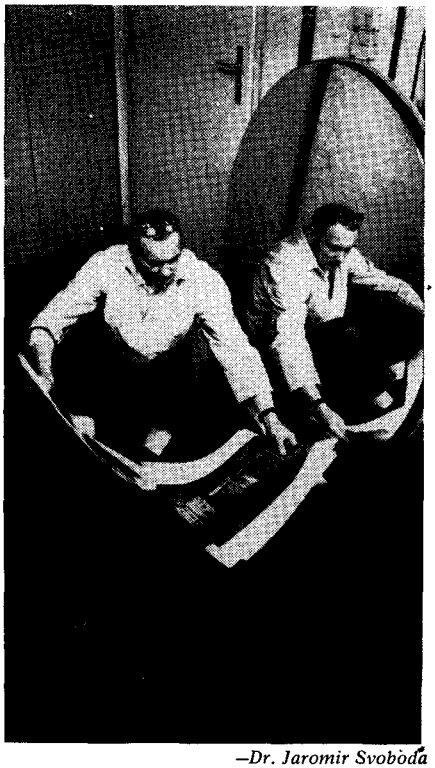

—Dr. Jaromir Svoboda

"The sort of imaginative integration of multi-media and live performers in the service of a structured work . . . that has characterized Svoboda's work and established his reputation as one of the twentieth century's major theater artists."

THE SCENIC WORLD OF JOSEPH SVOBODA

by JARKA M. BURIAN

Early this past April, to celebrate the 500th anniversary of Albrecht Dürer's birth, the city of Nuremberg produced an exhibit that will remain open all year in Nuremberg Castle: *"Noricama*: Nuremberg in Multi-Vision. The Symphony of a City in Picture, Sound, and Movement." The conception, design, and artistic supervision of the million-and-a-half-mark exhibit belong to Joseph Svoboda, the Czech scenographer honored throughout Europe for his boldly imaginative and superbly crafted stage settings. Heart of the production is a ten-minute audio-visual poetic documentary of Nuremberg's history, keyed to the spirit of Dürer. No live performers are used, but nine kinetic projection screens receive a complex flow of colored and black-and-white images from ten synchronously controlled projectors, while a cluster of mobile loudspeakers carries narration and sound on four-channel stereo. Each screen may carry its own distinct image, or one image may spread over all the screens. The chamber in which this multi-media concert of sound and image occurs, as well as the lobbies in which lines of spectators queue up, has been designed to create a total environment in keeping with the confrontation of Nuremberg's cultural heritage and its dynamic present.

Later in April, the Svoboda-designed production of Paul Dessau's opera *Lancelot* opened in Munich. Representing the most recent though not necessarily the most complex or striking of techniques that Svoboda has been evolving since the early Forties, including the *Laterna Magika* at the Montreal World's Fair, the *Lancelot* production combines architectural elements, multiple projections, and kinetic scenery with live performance. It is precisely the sort of imaginative integration of multi-media and live performers in the service of a structured art work—here, an opera—that has characterized Svoboda's work and established his reputation as one of the twentieth century's major theater artists. A massive, compartmentalized wall dominates the stage and provides a host of acting areas for the performers. Forming the rear panel of most of the wall's compartments are screens especially designed to take rear projections. Each screen may have a different image or repeat the image of others, or have no image, in which case the screen simply registers as a charcoal gray panel that blends with the rest of the set. Other visual effects result from front projections that can cover the entire wall and thereby create a totally different impression of masses of light, shadow, and texture as light strikes the deep

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JARKA M. BURIAN is Professor of Dramatic Art at SUNY at Albany and author of *The Scenography of Joseph Svoboda*, which will be published in October.

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relief surface of the wall. The *pièce de résistance* is a deliberately grotesque, vertically mobile "machine" that seems to combine the features of both imperial eagle and moon landing craft. Its body consists of curved bands that whirl to produce a sphere. Performers may stand within this sphere and remain visible while still other projections are cast on the rotating surface of the sphere. All projections are absolutely synchronized by means of a taped electronic score.

These recent multi-media productions are especially interesting when viewed not as the latest or necessarily most innovative of experiments with multi-media but as significant steps in the evolving work of a distinctive artist-craftsman, one who throughout his career has striven for the development of scenography as an *instrument* of maximum flexibility and expressiveness. Underlying all of Svoboda's work—in exhibitions and theater—has been a dialectical tension between his intuitive creative urge and his constant effort to eliminate dilettantism from theater by scrupulous, frequently painstaking attention to the principles or "laws"—whether of optics, mechanics, or other sciences—that form the basis of some of his most evocative work.

Techniques of film projection in the theater were already familiar in the Twenties and Thirties, well before Svoboda even began his career. Piscator, the artists of the Bauhaus, Brecht, and practitioners of America's Living Newspaper productions did pioneer work with this form of multi-media. Indeed, Svoboda's immediate inspiration was E. F. Burian, probably Czechoslovakia's greatest director between the wars, who staged several notable productions that integrated film and stage in a highly lyrical style.

In 1943, while he was still a student, Svoboda evolved a production plan based on the integration of specially prepared film with live stage action for an original Czech play, *Straying*, by J. Karnet. The film was to be projected from the rear onto a single screen in the background and synchronized with specific parts of the action; the same actors were to appear on screen and stage. Because of wartime conditions, the play remained unproduced, but Svoboda's design and model survived.

Seven years later, in 1950, Svoboda was chief designer and technical director of Prague's National Theater. During that year, in collaboration with leading Czech director Alfred Radok, he achieved in production the essential multi-media fusion of filmed image with live actor that characterized not only this staging but also several subsequent, more sophisticated works. In *The Eleventh Commandment*, a nineteenth-century farce deliberately adapted by Radok to the new technique, a single screen formed the rear wall of the stage. Special film sequences were shot using the same actors who were to appear in the play. Then, in the course of the play, these films were tightly integrated and synchronized with on-stage action, not simply as a background or accompaniment but as an essential, non-separable part of the action.

It was not until 1958 at the Brussels Exposition, however, that these experiments achieved international recognition. Svoboda won three gold medals, primarily for his two contributions of *Polyekran* and *Laterna Magika*. The former represented a deliberate reaction against then-fashionable tendencies toward wide-screen films that strove to eliminate the impression of a projection screen. Cousin to *Polyekran* at Brussels was the even more celebrated *Laterna Magika*. Essentially, Svoboda (again in collaboration with Radok) joined the *Polyekran* principle of multiple screens and projectors with the earlier principle of integrating film and live actor that he first worked on in 1943, and later with Radok in 1950. *Laterna Magika* featured eight screens—now they were also mobile—and five projectors of both slides and films. Augmenting the interplay of projections and live performers were several treadmills and other mechanical stage devices as well as stereophonic sound. The total performance, which observed a revue-type format, offered a strikingly pluralistic field of vision, a dynamic montage of simultaneous configurations appropriate to mid-twentieth-century perception.

The *Polyekran* principle was brought into the theater the following year with the production of *Their Day*, an original play by a young Czech author, Josef Topol. Along with some elements of *Laterna Magika*—mobile, disappearable screens and movable stage wagons synchronized with the pattern of projected images—the basic *Polyekran* method of multiple projections on multiple screens worked very well in conveying the desired effect of a mosaic of contemporary urban life. Of great significance to Svoboda as scenographer, the projections also created new dynamic spatial relations on the stage. In describing his aim at the time, he said, "We do not want to do away with traditional painted or plastic scenery and substitute scenery created by lighting. . . . But we want to attempt composing individual, separate, and distinctive visual perceptions into a new total-image according to a given theme; to convey a given intention by a composition of images, their interrelationship, their temporal and spatial rhythm."

The sole stage production designed by Svoboda in America was *Intoleranza*, an opera by Luigi Nono, staged in Boston in February 1965. It marked a significant advance in the *Laterna Magika* technique in its use of live and taped closed-circuit television instead of previously shot film. Using multiple screens, both fixed and kinetic, the production had the added flexibility of being able to synchronize scenes projected from remote studios simultaneously with on-stage action, or to project variably delayed taped sequences.

A much more economic but equally powerful use of the very same closed-circuit-TV principle occurred in Svoboda's scenography for the Munich production of Carl Orff's opera *Prometheus* in August 1968. At peak moments of the action, a greatly enlarged, live TV image of Prometheus was projected onto the stylized rock to which he was fastened. The metallic face of the rock, deliberately oxidized and corroded, acted as a unique projection screen. It was a remarkable example of superselective, concentrated multimedia: the simultaneous projection of Prometheus's own features formed a live, highly expressive setting that reinforced Prometheus's passion.

At Expo '67 in Montreal, Svoboda introduced a number of new multimedia creations, chief of which were *Diapolyekran* and *Polyvision*. As their names suggest, both systems stressed multiple projection screens. Both also involved kinetics and a shift to cube-like projection surfaces. Neither employed live performers. *Diapolyekran* consisted of a wall of 108 kinetic cubes of identical dimensions. Each cube had two automatic slide projectors mounted at its rear, allowing for a total of 30,000 slides to be shown in a great variety of individualized or massed rhythmic patterns, all synchronized by electronic tape, as was the movement of the cubes backward or forward some two feet. The highly impressionistic, non-verbal presentation was entitled *The Creation of the World*. The flow and juxtaposition of images was ideally suited to the theme of *process* underlying the scenario. Its poetic, often surrealistic fancy and its complex technical installation and operation clearly reflected the dual tendencies of Svoboda's art.

Viewed in relation to their predecessors, Svoboda's recent multi-media productions, *Noricama* and *Lancelot*, are most noteworthy as evolving experiments and variations on the basic theatrical principles of synthesis, collage, and juxtaposition that have been strong features of his work from its beginnings. Theater is, of course, *the*

(Continued on page 49)

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"Intoleranza" (Boston, 1965)

"Underlying all of Svoboda's work has been a ***dialectical*** *tension between intuitive creative urge and his constant effort to eliminate dilettantism from theater by scrupulous, frequently painstaking attention to the principles* ***or*** *'laws' . . . that form the basis of some of his most evocative work."*

"Lancelot" (**Munich, 1971**)

"The Last Ones" (Prague, 1966)

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FROM ALBAN TO HELENE

by GEORGE PERLE

Alban Berg's *Letters to His Wife* (translated by Bernard Grun, St. Martin's Press, 456 pp., $15) is a major contribution to the history of music in our century, but it is also good reading. Kept apart by the implacable opposition of her father, the twenty-four-year-old Berg facetiously describes himself as a "writer" whose daily letters to her are "chapters of a vast novel entitled *Helene and Alban: The Story of a Great Love*. We might collect seventy or eighty letters, put them in order, and make them into quite a nice book—a present for your old man? It could even convert him!" A conversion was in fact required, in order to win Papa Nahowski's eventual consent, but it was Helene and Alban who had to be converted. The old man insisted that they should become Protestants, because it would be easier for them to get divorced. (A few years later the couple returned to their original faith and were remarried in a Catholic ceremony.)

In one of the most interesting and self-revelatory personal statements that any composer has left us, Berg replies in 1910 to various objections that Nahowski has raised against him as a prospective son-in-law. To the charge of "intellectual inferiority" Berg replies that his formal education "is in no way different from that of other, favored suitors." Moreover, "Herr Lebert [Helene's sister's fiancé] still has to get his factory built before he can expect to benefit from his specialized knowledge, whereas, luckily for me, nobody needs to build me a factory: I have my own with all the newest equipment and the greatest productive capacity!—in my head."

To Nahowski's charge of "immorality" against members of his family, Berg replies: "Like you, we have in our circle high civil servants, judges, officers, industrialists, businessmen; we have relatives in Germany who own factories and cars. But I have also a brother who married a poor girl and a sister whose abnormal condition and Lesbian inclination is her family's desperate sorrow. . . . Had I the time I would make this long letter twice or three times as long and deal in detail with homosexuality: those afflicted by it and those who, because they are not so afflicted, treat these sick people as criminals. Perhaps your slurs, if I hear any more of them, will one day force me to take the matter up."

Berg did in fact take the matter up, eighteen years later, when he decided to fashion the libretto of his second opera from Wedekind's two Lulu plays, *Earth Spirit* and *Pandora's Box*. We have known, ever since a description of Berg's unpublished wartime letters to his pupil Kassowitz first appeared in *SR* [Sept. 26, 1953], that Berg's experiences as a soldier in the Austrian army led to his self-identification with the protagonist of his first opera, *Wozzeck*, and that explicit details in the work itself are explained by this. All this is vividly confirmed in the letters to Helene. Berg compares his situation to Wozzeck's: "I have been spending these war years just as dependent on people I hate, have been in chains, sick, captive, resigned, in fact humiliated." The same letter even records the moment of conception of one of *Wozzeck*'s leitmotifs. A leave of absence from military service had made it possible for Berg to resume work on the opera after a year-long interruption. Describing his return home alone after seeing Helene off on a brief journey that she was obliged to make, he writes: "I myself went up the mountain very slowly, resting often, and eventually, as I was plodding on, without any intention of working, I found that the musical expression for one of Wozzeck's entrances, which I had been trying to get for ages, had suddenly come to me." This almost certainly refers to Wozzeck's "plodding" (*schwer*) theme in Act II, Scene 2.

But the future composer of *Lulu* is foreshadowed, in these and other letters, long before this. In his biography of Berg, Willi Reich quotes a letter from Berg to his young American friend Frida Semler, who had spent the summers of 1903 and 1904 at the Bergs' country home while her father attended to his business affairs in Vienna:

> Wedekind—the really new direction—the emphasis on the sensual in modern works!! . . . At last we have come to the realization that sensuality is not a weakness, does not mean a surrender to one's own will. Rather it is an immense strength that lies in us—the pivot of all being and thinking. (Yes; all thinking!) . . . Only through the understanding of sensuality, only through a fundamental insight into the "depths of mankind" (shouldn't it rather be called the "heights of mankind"?) can one arrive at a real idea of the human psyche. This achievement, mastered first by medicine and psychology understandably enough, is now making its way slowly into jurisprudence, God be praised, and there it will produce the most wonderful fruits for humanity (I need only mention two names: Lombroso and Krafft-Ebing). . . . Men like Strindberg and Wedekind are great psychologists—knowers of men in the truest sense of the word. Whether they are also great poets, that is a matter that posterity will have to decide. *I* believe it.

—*From the book*

Alban and Helene Berg—a correspondence spanning nearly thirty years.

There are real-life episodes in the family home that sometimes suggest the fictional events that were to be the subject of Berg's last and greatest work, *Lulu*. Unable to keep an appointment with Helene, he explains that it is because "last night Smaragda [his sister] tried to poison herself with gas. Apparently it didn't do her much harm physically, but mentally she's in complete despair, poor soul." When, in 1910, he writes that he finds "a prostitute's position no more or less offensive than associating with people whom you and many others consider quite unobjectionable," and casually mentions, in the same letter, "a prostitute, my sister's present friend," one thinks of the closing act of *Lulu*, the orchestration of which he was still working on when he died on Christmas Eve, 1935.

In spite of his devotion and loyalty to Karl Kraus, an intransigent pacifist, Berg succumbed to the fever of patriotism the moment the war broke out and joined in the general chorus of philistine banalities. In a letter unfortunately omitted from the English edition of the book, he writes to his wife

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"Sensuality is not a weakness, does not mean a surrender to one's own will. Rather it is an immense strength that lies in us—the pivot of all being and thinking. . . . Only through the understanding of sensuality, only through a fundamental insight into the 'depths of mankind' . . . can one arrive at a real idea of the human psyche."—ALBAN BERG.

of his indignation at the sight of an Englishman who "is merely required to report every other day," while "in England the Austrians are imprisoned and starving in unheated stalls." Like Thomas Mann and others, he assumed that the material sacrifices demanded by the war would ennoble and purify society. It is painful to read his New Year's Eve message (1914-15) to Helene:

> The war has to continue. The muck heap has been growing for decades, and in its midst there is still no trace of cleanness to be found. Believe me, if the war ended today, we should be back in the same old sordid squalor within a fortnight. As the shares rose, the spiritual values would fall. It is not enough that shrapnel is knifing through the ranks of poor soldiers and even slitting up the moneybags of rich non-combatants. The war's great surprise will be in the guns, which are going to show a frivolous generation their utter emptiness. Perhaps the truth will dawn then—that there exist different values from those which up to now have been taken as the only salvation. No, not enough has happened yet. How fervently I wish for peace, for the end of this intolerable horror and suffering! But I still cannot ask for this wish to be fulfilled. I know the war must go on until its true task is completed.

A few years later he had forgotten that he had ever supported "the filthy war." In a letter to Erwin Schulhoff, composer and pianist, who died in a German concentration camp in 1942, Berg described himself as a "fierce antimilitarist," whose "strongest support" in August 1914 was Karl Kraus.

Kraus, Loos, Klimt, Kokoschka, Adler, Werfel—these are a few of the many illustrious names that one comes upon in Berg's reports to Helene of casual coffeehouse encounters, midnight cabaret gatherings, and dinner parties. Vienna seems to have been a town where everybody knew everybody else, and the large circle of one's friends, acquaintances, and neighbors might include some very extraordinary people. In the autumn of 1923 Helene was staying at a sanatorium, where in place of the medical treatment she had expected she found herself subjected to the care of a psychoanalyst who informed her that she was unhappily married. This occasioned one of the few ragingly angry letters in the collection. "Don't go to any more 'sessions,'" writes Berg. "Tell the doctor I've forbidden it and say that if there had been any question of psychoanalytic treatment, we should have gone to Dr. Freud or Dr. Adler, both of whom we have known very well for many years."

As a primary source of biographical and historical information about a movement that transformed the language of music, these letters are invaluable. Purely technical matters are not discussed, but a great deal comes to light about the lives, careers, and interpersonal relations of the three composers (Schoenberg and his two pupils Berg and Webern) whose works embody that movement. Considering that when he came to Schoenberg for his first lesson, in response to a newspaper advertisement, Berg was in his twentieth year; that his only previous musical instruction had consisted of piano lessons from his sister's governess; that the compositions he brought with him showed little promise; and that the family's material situation made it impossible for him to pay for lessons, we must count Schoenberg's decision to accept the timid young man as a student as one more among Schoenberg's remarkable intuitive powers. Berg looked upon Schoenberg not only as his teacher of composition but as his model and mentor in all things, a substitute father and a friend. He offered Schoenberg the single-minded devotion and loyalty that it was in Schoenberg's nature to demand. Reassuring his fiancée of his love for her, Berg can think of no stronger affirmation than the statement that no one else means as much to him, "not even Schoenberg! And that's saying something!" (This letter, too, is among those omitted from the translation.)

It doesn't take a Freud or Adler to perceive the psychological and emotional tensions inherent in such a relationship. The fact that there *was* no professional and personal estrangement is a tribute to Alban Berg's patience, generosity of spirit, modesty, sense of humor, and, above all, loyalty. On his way to Berlin in November 1925, for the first *Wozzeck* production, he writes:

> It goes against the grain, really, to have to "reassure" you about me and Mopinka. Perhaps I'll just say that faithfulness is one of my main qualities (I'm sure I must have been a dog in a previous incarnation . . . may I die of distemper if I ever sin against faithfulness!). Faithfulness towards myself, Music, Schoenberg (and *he* makes this really hard for one).

The first work of Berg's not written under Schoenberg's direct supervision led to a major crisis in their relationship. This was the Five Orchestral Songs on Picture-Postcard Texts by Peter Altenberg, completed a year after Schoenberg's move to Berlin and the consequent termination of Berg's lessons. On March 31, 1913, Schoenberg conducted a concert in Vienna that included two of the Altenberg Songs. A segment of the audience, determined to provoke a disturbance, succeeded in creating so much tumult during the Berg pieces that the concert could not be continued. From Berg this was no *succès de scandale*, unlike the riotous premiere of *Sacre du printemps* in Paris two months later, but a humiliation. In June, Berg visited Schoenberg in Berlin. From his subsequent letters to Schoenberg it is evident that the latter not only did nothing to reassure Berg as to the excellence of the work, but even added his own censure to that of the critics and the public. Berg never again attempted to bring this composition, perhaps his finest after the two operas and the Lyric Suite, to performance, and it remained unheard and unpublished until seventeen years after his death. Many of Berg's references to his work and career in the subsequent letters to Helene can be fully appreciated only in the context of this experience.

It is a pleasure to read the letters, beginning in 1923, that reflect Berg's gradual rise to fame, his increasingly frequent successes, his meetings with well-known composers, critics, and conductors at one or another international festival of contemporary music. Particularly fascinating are the letters that enable us to reconstruct, with the aid of other sources, the history of his most famous work, *Wozzeck*. There are, of course, gaps in this record of his musical life and the musical life of his time. But we can fill these in with Berg's own words from the extensive collections of letters that still await publication—the letters to Schoenberg, who continued to be his teacher long after formal lessons had ceased, just as he has since been a teacher of every serious composer of our time; to his close friend Webern, whose lessons with Schoenberg commenced at the same time as Berg's; to other musicians, in particular Kleiber, who conducted the first performance of *Wozzeck;* to close friends of his youth, when he was still in school.

The editor of the original German

(Continued on page 51)

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DANCE

MARKOVA ON MIME

by WALTER TERRY

CINCINNATI, O.

What do you do with a retired *prima ballerina assoluta*? Great dancers have often been compared with race horses—Balanchine even did a ballet called *Native Dancers*, all about fillies and jockeys, in 1959—but putting them out to pasture is not the answer for the human species. Alicia Markova, Commander of the Order of the British Empire and Dame of the Order of the British Empire, has been honored by her sovereign, Queen Elizabeth II, with these titles, titles that she cherishes. But what has the world of dance done to honor one of the great ballerinas of all time, now past sixty, now no longer a dancer?

Dame Alicia made her last stage appearance in her native London in 1962. In early 1963, she formally announced her retirement and a few months later was engaged by Rudolf Bing as director of the ballet at New York's Metropolitan Opera House. This was phase two of her career, and it lasted until 1969 when she resigned. Phase three began the next year with her appointment [*SR*, May 30, 1970] as Distinguished Lecturer on Ballet at the College-Conservatory of Music, University of Cincinnati, where David McLain heads one of the most vital dance departments to be found on the university scene. For the 1971-72 semesters, Dame Alicia will have a new title: Professor of Ballet and Performing.

To a new generation of ballet students all over the world, Markova is already a legend. Thousands upon thousands of ballet hopefuls never saw her dance, and to these she is only a name, as remote as Camargo or Taglioni or Pavlova. But to a selected group (drawn from the 447 dance students at CCM in Cincinnati), Alicia Markova is, in herself, a link with that legendary past of which she is now a part.

"The Dame," as she is referred to with irreverent affection by her students, does not teach technique. There are many great teachers available to guide pupils through *plié, tendu, ronde-jambe, battement*, and all of the steps and exercises that ballet has evolved over a period of more than three centuries. Markova has something rare to offer in an art form that, aside from modern notational systems (Labanotation and Benesh), has only fragile links with performing greatness of the past.

Not only was Dame Alicia a part of the innovative Diaghilev era of Ballets Russes in the 1920s and the great pioneering days of British ballet in the 1930s, but she was also exposed to much older traditions. Diaghilev himself, when the still-teen-aged Alicia was to do her first Odette in *Swan Lake*, sent her to be coached by Mathilde Kschessinska, the first Russian interpreter of the role, who had learned it from its originator, Pierina Legnani herself. Later, Markova mastered the role of the Sugar Plum Fairy in *Nutcracker*, all of the fairy variations in *The Sleeping Beauty* (plus the leading role of Princess Aurora). They came to her by way of Nicholas Sergeyev, who had served under Petipa himself, had taken voluminous notes, owned choreographic scores in Stepanoff notation (the systems used by the Russian Imperial Ballet), and who had left Russia shortly after the Revolution. Markova, with her incredible memory, is heiress to these direct links with a ballet past.

At CCM, Dame Alicia is teaching not only the variations—the danced arias of ballet classics—but also a course that is of especial interest to her and of immeasurable value to young Americans concerned with careers in classical ballet. Markova calls it "Conversations in Movement." Americans are notoriously bad at traditional ballet pantomime, at these conversations in movement. Some years ago, a boy from Berwyn, Illinois, was called upon to inform the audience, in mime, that a beautiful woman was approaching, that she had wings instead of arms, and that she was a queen with a crown. He did his gestures in record-breaking time and fled the stage. The dancer was John Kriza, then very young, but already a superb artist of the dance and, oddly enough, a great dance actor (*Billy the Kid, Fancy Free, Facsimile*, etc.), but embarrassed by the flour-

Dame Alicia Markova, Professor of Ballet and Performing—a link with that legendary past of which she is now a part."

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ishes of old ballet mime. (Later, he mastered it, and Markova, also a star with the Ballet Theatre, helped.)

In Cincinnati, with her students who range from freshmen through seniors and dance major graduates to members of McLain's affiliated Cincinnati Ballet, Dame Alicia teaches classical mime. She starts them off with the primer of gesture; one finger raised, meaning "there is one who"; two fingers raised, "I vow"; crossed arms, "mother"; pointing to ring finger, "betrothed"; fists raised and shaken, "villain"; and fists clenched, crossed, and lowered, "death." Next came the scenes. "The Odette-Siegfried-Rothbart episode at the beginning of Act Two of *Swan Lake*," says Markova, "is the longest conversation in ballet. There are all the basic gestures, but the lake must be described, we must know that its waters are the tears of Odette's mother, and so it goes."

At the classes that I attended, Dame Alicia taught mime scenes from *Swan Lake*, from the comedy classic *Coppélia* (Swanilda, Franz, the Burgomaster), and from the greatest of tragedies in dance, *Giselle*. When the shy Giselle breaks away from the ardent wooing of Albrecht, she runs toward her cottage door. "But," instructs Markova, "you must somehow communicate that she is saying to herself, 'I *should* be going in there,' while at the same time making it clear that it doesn't take much persuasion to keep her out."

Markova, while teaching, usually sits in a chair and combines gestural instructions with verbal images. To a potential Queen of the Swans she will say, "No, no, it's your *wing*, not your arm." To a candidate for Aurora, the Sleeping Beauty: "Don't just lift your arms; *see* how beautiful they are up there—look at them. Now stroke the air gently."

"The Dame," in her lessons on traditional dances and "conversations in movement," tells her young charges, "Learn the steps, the structure, the music first; *then* learn to dance it." She goes on to say, "I sometimes demonstrate, but I don't want them to copy me. I *do* tell them what to do. I hope it is like a voyage of discovery. When I correct one dancer, all of them listen. I explain the reasons I ask for something, why there are corrections, and they discover my way is right, . . . then they trust me. I don't ask from one dancer what I would from another, for each dancer is an individual.

"No, I don't teach technique as such, but the great old variations help them secure their technique, to prepare themselves for other roles. I teach them how to hold a pose, just in case there is applause at performance. At the end of a class, they are required to bow, but it is not to me—it is to the mirror behind where I'm sitting, it is to an audience they may one day meet."

Way, way back, Alicia Markova, then barely out of her prodigy period as 'the miniature Pavlova," couldn't make up her mind: "I was torn—should I do romantic ballet? Or classical? Or very modern? I've done everything, you know, from a re-creation of Taglioni to snakehips—and I'm trying to pass it all along to another generation, especially conversations in movement, especially that 'voyage of discovery' that I experienced long ago and that they should experience now."

—Photos by Tom Rummler

A "voyage of discovery" led by Dame Alicia in her "Conversations in Movement"—"a course that is of especial interest to her and of immeasurable value to young Americans concerned with careers in classical ballet."

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Recordings in Review

An Encore for "Heifetz on TV"

SCHUBERT: *Fantasie (Op. 159). Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Brooks Smith, piano.* TCHAIKOVSKY: *Sérénade mélancolique (Op. 26), "Valse" (from Serenade in C, Op. 48). Jascha Heifetz, violin, with chamber orchestra.* RCA stereo, LSC 3109, $5.98.

ANYONE who spent an hour with Jascha Heifetz on April 23 via TV and regretted that it was all too short need have no further regrets. Here are two performances of identical quality that prove beyond question that the standard of effort the premier violinist achieved for that occasion is his to command any time it serves his purposes these days, that the old master of seventy can, indeed, hold his own with the young master of seventeen—whose likeness is there to haunt him on the pre-electrical records of old.

Of the Tchaikovsky one can only say: It is all that one might anticipate of Heifetz, and perhaps a mite more. But Schubert? The intricate, complicated, "problematical" *Fantasie* of his last year that few violinists venture in public and virtually none of the top bracket has recorded (prior efforts that come to mind over a span of four decades include Adolf Busch's, Max Rostal's, and Rafael Druian's)? There isn't a single one listed in the Schwann catalogue of last month.

But, let it be recalled, there was, long ago, the Heifetz of Schubert's "Ave Maria" as well as the Heifetz of Tchaikovsky's "Valse" from the Opus 48 Serenade (both pre-electric), and there has been, not so long ago, the Heifetz of the Schubert Trio, Opus 99, with Rubinstein and Feuermann. It is this kind of inspired singing on the violin (a point properly emphasized by James Lyons in his jacket commentary) that makes his version of the *Fantasie* inimitable and unapproachable. That it is also irreproachable cannot be conceded. Did Schubert mean those short detached variants of the magical song "Sei mir gegrüsst" (which he wove into these four connected movements) to be sprayed, raindrop-like, with the full flourish of the Heifetz *spiccato*? I am inclined to doubt it. Did he mean this climax or that to flash, rapier-like, with the thrust of the Heifetz *portamento* high on the E string? Likely not. But it is equally improbable that he ever dreamed of the melodies he produced (as effortlessly as most persons exhale) to soar and swell with the rapturous surge that Heifetz imparts to them—and for that one can forgive much.

It is also an occasion for congratulations to Brooks Smith, who has rarely, in his long association with Heifetz, had the opportunity to demonstrate his musical sensitivity as well as his technical proficiency on the scale permitted him here. Some considerations of balance aside—the violin sometimes lunges at the ear larger than life—it is an extraordinarily accurate likeness of both instruments, with that resinous flick of the bow on the string that many consider the ultimate in high fidelity. The reproduction of the Tchaikovsky ensemble—Heifetz-directed, no doubt—is less good, due perhaps to a smallish studio that did not accommodate adequate bass resonance.

More (and Great) Haydn by Dorati

HAYDN: *Symphonies Nos. 57 (in D), 58 (in F), 59 (in A, "Feuersymphonie"), 60 (in C, "Il distratto"), 61 (in D), 62 (in D), 63 (in C, "La Roxolane"), and 64 (in A). Antal Dorati conducting the Philharmonia Hungarica.* London stereo, STS-15131/4, $11.92.

THOSE who have long suspected that there must be buried gold in the unexploited veins of Haydn's rich mine will find a platform for their premise in this second volume of London's projected coverage of the entire 104 works. Even more than the first issue—invaluable as that was in its coverage of Nos. 65-72—this one puts together a period of Haydn's productivity all but unknown in such a survey as Dorati's. Of the eight herein included, six are available in versions of varying quality, two others (Nos. 58 and 62) are unaccounted for in the current Schwann listing.

Largely speaking, the total impact of the sequence can only be derived from such an inclusive perspective as is provided by a single orchestra under the direction of the same conductor. That perspective is provided, and magnificently so, by Dorati and his fellow Hungarians, whose overall view of Haydn strikes me as even more stimulating than that conveyed in the prior issue. That may be an illusion based on the accumulated results over sixteen symphonies rather than eight, but the plain fact is that one would have to look to such estimable combinations as Beecham-Royal Philharmonic, Scherchen-Vienna Symphony, and Bernstein-New York Philharmonic to find a precedent for the homogenized Antal Dorati-Philharmonia Hungarica blend of Haydn.

I am not enough of a Haydn scholar to provide a dissertation on the gradual, or even the sudden, emergence of the Haydn to come from the Haydn that was, nor would I presume to appropriate H. C. Robbins Landon's faultless scholarship (in the model brochure) as my own. What I do hear, however, is a recession, in the third or fourth, of the high horn writing that characterized No. 45 in F minor (the *Farewell*) and others that followed. Indeed, by No. 60, Haydn is well on the way to the beautifully balanced arrangement of orchestral parts that he pioneered and that remained the norm for symphonies through the first two of Beethoven.

Anyone partial to Haydn's musical diction will find fresh, stimulating samples of it in all these works, and sustained jets of creative power in Nos. 59, 60, and 62. As for No. 64, it is a concentrated, impulsive instance of mastery such as Haydn himself only excelled in perhaps 50 per cent of the forty symphonies to come. The able technicians deserve better than anonymity.

The Many-splendored Trios of Dvorak

DVORAK: *Trios Opp. 21, 26, 65, and 90 ("Dumky"). Beaux Arts Trio.* Philips stereo, 6703015, $17.94.

ARE YOU one of those who pine because Schubert wrote only two trios? Do you grieve over the absence of another by Brahms to match his three? Pine and grieve no more. Herein are, in effect, "another" Schubert trio and a "fourth" Brahms, created by Antonin Dvořák on the way to achieving that matchless "Dumky" trio of his own. Not unlike Bartók, who shared the identity of others before finding a totality of his own, Dvořák made all the stations of his artistic journey (named Wagner and Smetana as well as Schubert and

The Beaux Arts Trio's violinist Isidore Cohen, pianist Menahem Pressler, and cellist Bernard Greenhouse—"fervor and discipline."

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Brahms) before arriving at his unique destination.

These familiar facts about the symphonies and the quartets (of which the last are immeasurably the best and most individual) can also be applied to the trios. There has not been a complete cycle of the trios issued previously on records in America (so far as I know), even the sizable Vox Box omitting Opus 65. Here one can measure the striving of Dvořák four times at various points in his life, the early trios replete with Schubertian felicities, the one of his middle years cast on spacious Brahms-like lines, and, then, the magical seven-part fulfillment in which he made Schubert's melancholy his own. ("Dumky," incidentally, is derived from a Ukrainian word meaning "lament" or "complaint.")

As may have come to the attention of some readers previously, the Beaux Arts Trio now presents Isidore Cohen as violinist in place of Daniel Guilet, one of its founding members, along with Bernard Greenhouse, cello, and Menahem Pressler, piano. The outcome has been to alter the character of the sound somewhat, but not to lower the quality of the playing in any respect whatsoever. Cohen, of course, has a distinguished chamber music record (he performed with the Budapest Quartet during the period in which Alexander Schneider was absent), and he shares the fervor and discipline that Greenhouse and Pressler have long disposed. The recording is founded on a particularly fine-sounding piano, which Pressler serves superbly, and which, in turn, Philips's technicians have resonantly reproduced.

A Second Chance for Penderecki's "Devils"

PENDERECKI: *The Devils of Loudun. Tatiana Troyanos (Jeanne), Cvetka Ahlin (Sister Claire), Ursula Boese (Sister Louise), Helga Thieme (Sister Gabrielle), Andrzej Hiolski (Grandier), Hans Sotin (Father Rangier), Horst Wilhelm (Father Mignon), Ernst Wiemann (Father Ambrose), Heinz Blankenburg (a Surgeon), Helmut Melchert (the King's Commissioner), Bernard Ladysz (Father Barré), William Workman (Prince Henri de Condé), and Arnold van Mill (Asmodeus), with the Hamburg Opera Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Marek Janowski.* Philips stereo, 6700 042, $11.96.

FOR THOSE who journeyed to Santa Fe, New Mexico, for the American introduction to Krzysztof Penderecki's *The Devils of Loudun* just over two years ago, there is not a great deal more to be learned about its character or category from this recording in which the composer participated. These were altogether evident in the outdoor production for which John Crosby was the entrepreneur: the character is song-speech, or spoken singing, the category the one of *melodrama,* which has recurred in various guises throughout the history of opera (of which it is an appendage rather than an extension).

There was, however, considerable curiosity about the effect the work would have on the ear alone, without scenery or costumes, action or movement, to flesh out the story of the Nun Jeanne, who becomes possessed of the Devil, and the notorious Father Grandier, who pays with his life for her corruption. That he happens to be innocent of this particular charge is not sufficient to offset the presumption of guilt that readily attaches itself to one of his reputation. In the end, he is done in by the need for a culprit rather than because he is the culprit.

The immediate conclusion is that Penderecki's *Devils* was made for an electronic medium. Every value related to an aural experience is enhanced by the microphone providing closer contact with the performers than is possible in the theater. Shrieks and gasps, mass chanting of prayers and solemn declamation in Latin come to the attention with strong impact and much more clarity in the German text than was achieved by the Santa Fe cast with an English translation. This is in some respects due to the outstanding effort by a Hamburg Opera ensemble headed by Tatiana Troyanos as Jeanne and Andrzej Hiolski as Father Grandier, with such able artists as Hans Sotin (Father Rangier), Ernst Wiemann (Father Ambrose), and Helmut Melchert (King's Commissioner), but it is due even more to the responsive microphone and its excellent utilization. Nor is there great difficulty in imagining enough of the action to complete the narrative spelled out in the printed text of the libretto (in German, English, and French).

The difficulty comes, really, in finding enough reason for listening to Penderecki's score more than twice: once for indoctrination, twice for confirmation. Having supplemented this by a dress rehearsal that preceded the Santa Fe performance, I breach no confidence in saying that there is simply not enough music in Penderecki's creation to sustain my listening interest. It is, indeed, not even a question of the quality of the music: There is, in the four sides, so restricted a budget of it that the orchestra is a source more of sound effects than of comment or elaboration. In addition, Penderecki's version of the song-speech used with such mastery by Berg in *Wozzeck* and *Lulu* is mannered, and too often mechanical, formularized, and repetitious for sustained listening. By comparison with such a work as Honegger's, concerned with another Jeanne *(d'Arc au Bûcher),* Penderecki can hardly be said to be using his means musically at all.

—*Opera News*

William Workman, Tatiana Troyanos, and Bernard Ladysz in "The Devils of Loudun"—"vivid impersonations."

Idioms change, of course, and what motivated Honegger can hardly be expected of a composer born fifty years later. But unless he strikes some factor of attention to which the listener can relate, no idiom—new or old—will prevail. Perhaps what Penderecki really requires is a film medium to complete his purpose. Unfortunately, the recent cinematic treatment of the same literary source went its independent way with no regard for the existence of an "operatic" version.

Santa Fe's live *Devils* was arresting for the performances in the leading roles of Joy Davidson and John Reardon: Hamburg's electronic one is even more blessed by the vivid impersonations of Troyanos (a long step ahead of the performer who used to be heard with the City Opera on Fifty-fifth Street) and Hiolski, and the strong supporting efforts of Sotin, Melchert, Ladysz, *et al.* Though no credit is assigned for a producer-director, high honors have been earned by whoever is responsible for the dramatic tone of the staging (possibly Joachim Hess, who is described as "Dialogregie," or dialogue director) as well as by the playing of the score under the direction of Marek Janowski. The recording is of Philips's customarily high standard.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 29: tsar, star, rats, arts, tars.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Berlioz: *Lélio.* Pierre Boulez conducting the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus with John Mitchinson, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; and Jean-Louis Barrault, narrator. Columbia stereo, M 30588, $5.98.	In addition to conducting a superbly colorful and beautifully detailed performance of *Lélio,* Boulez, in his capacity as annotator, says: "This expressed wish [Berlioz's instruction to have *Lélio* performed "immediately after the *Symphonie fantastique*"] has been, and is still, rarely respected." Is it, he speculates, "for economic reasons"? Hardly, I would reply. It is, rather, because the *Fantastique* is a self-contained, complete orchestral work, while *Lélio* is a combination of vocal and instrumental, generically, with the vocal fragmented into spoken and sung. Furthermore, in the *Fantastique,* Berlioz chose the universal language of music, whereas in *Lélio* he is dealing with the much more constricted language of the French. As well as answering Boulez's speculation, these words set forth my own reasons for considering *Lélio* an unsatisfactory hybrid, which not even so splendid a performance as this one—the best I have ever heard, live or recorded—can redeem. A special credit to John Mitchinson for dealing so well with the high range requirements that Berlioz imposed on the tenor. (Previously circulated on the CBS label as 32B10010 with the *Fantastique.*)
Haydn: Symphonies No. 22 (*Der Philosoph*), No. 39, and No. 47 (*Der Palindrom*). Raymond Leppard conducting the English Chamber Orchestra. Philips stereo, 839796, $5.98.	While Antal Dorati goes about his grand project of recording all the Haydn symphonies, Leppard provides well-phrased, energetically conceived insights into three works that are more absorbing as parts of a whole than individually. Each has its share of the plaintive, the lyrical, the expository, and the experimental—involvements to which Haydn was partial at this time (1764-1774). In *Der Palindrom,* for example, it is a minuet *al reverso,* in which the second portion is the reverse of its predecessor. But no one of the three could be considered among the Top Forty of Haydn's best. Leppard's conception is almost faultless, the execution of it excellent. First-class reproduction also.
Kreisler: *Liebesfreud; Schön Rosmarin; Liebesleid; Praeludium and Allegro; Tambourin chinois; Caprice viennois; Londonderry Air;* and Variations on a Theme of Corelli. **Kreisler-Scott:** *Lotus Land.* **Kreisler-Albéniz:** Tango in D. **Kreisler-Heuberger:** *Midnight Bells.* Wanda Wilkomirska, violin; with Antonio Barbosa, piano. Connoisseur stereo, CS 2022, $5.98.	Among violinists of the post-World War II era, Wilkomirska ranks with the best, regardless of sex, and Barbosa is a pianist of high qualifications. As Connoisseur has extended itself on behalf of the engineering, the outcome provides a rare likeness of perfect Stradivarius ("Ex Rosgonyl") and great concert piano (Baldwin SD-10) sound, utilizing the Chapel of St. Paul on the campus of Columbia University. Too often, however, the Wilkomirska emphasis is on the violinistic writing in the pieces rather than the Kreislerian essence. The result varies from 60 per cent violinism and 40 per cent sentiment to some stretches (*Tambourin chinois,* for example) in which virtuosity rampant almost wholly excludes sentiment. On the whole, Wilkomirska achieves her best results in Kreisler's arrangement of works by others (*Lotus Land,* the Albéniz Tango, and Heuberger's charming tune), in which his personality is less conspicuous. Did Wilkomirska fail to consult the one indisputable source on this music—the composer's own performances—or if not, why do her own renditions tend to the angular, the rhythmically lax, and the tonally uncharming? The beautiful sound is almost an end in itself, but devotees of the glowing original are likely to find these pieces registering temperatures of something less than 98.6.
Mahler: "Adagietto" (Symphony No. 5); "Nachtmusik" and "Allegro moderato" (Symphony No. 7); "O Mensch! Gib Acht!" and "Es sungen drei Engel" (Symphony No. 3). Rafael Kubelik conducting the Bavarian Radio Orchestra and Women's Chorus, the Tölzer Boys' Chorus, and Marjorie Thomas, mezzo. DGG stereo, 2538 124, $6.98; 8-track, 89426, $6.95; cassette, 3300113, $6.95; open reel, L 8124, $6.95.	Can Luchino Visconti do for Mahler what Bo Widerberg did for Mozart? That would be one of the implications of this release of the "sound track" from *Death in Venice,* whose makers have, somewhat presumptuously in my view, converted the author in Thomas Mann's novella into a composer fascinated by a beautiful boy (not one of Mahler's predilections, so far as I have ever encountered in the writings by and about him). Much will hinge on the audience reaction to the film, but it seems hardly likely that they will rush out to buy his setting of Nietzsche's *O Mensch!* The segments are taken from Kubelik's recordings and reflect the unevenness of the originals. The excerpts from Symphony No. 7 are of the highest quality.
Saint-Saëns: Symphony No. 3 in C minor. Zubin Mehta conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic; with Anita Priest, organ. London stereo, CS 6680, $5.98; cassette, M 10241, $6.95; open reel, L 80241, $7.95.	This volubly energetic score is a testing one for any orchestra's tonal and technical qualifications, and Mehta's brings to bear a very considerable quantity of what is required. In addition, Royce Hall, where the recording was made, lends itself very well to the acoustical needs of the music, which, as it includes an organ, are far from conventional. The Royce Hall instrument (on the campus of UCLA) has quality as well as power, and it is, gratefully, in tune throughout. Where the quibbles commence is with Mehta's own identification with the spirit of the music and his capacity to marshal that singular kind of commitment that has characterized the best prior reproductions (Charles Munch's in the first place). Instead of converting bombast into the beatific, Mehta tends to press, push, and overdrive. This factor aside, the results have much to commend them.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto No. 2 in G. Igor Zhukov, piano; with Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting the Moscow Radio Symphony. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR 40097, $5.98.	As a piano concerto in sequence to the perennially performed No. 1 in B-flat minor, No. 2 in G doesn't rate very high with either the intelligentsia or the light-music fanciers, which, apparently, leaves it nowhere. But there is, still, the area in between cultivated by the ballet enthusiasts, who will take it to themselves as the score for Balanchine's *Ballet Imperial.* For such reminiscent purposes, this version qualifies more than passably, thanks to the ballet-indoctrinated conductor and the free-wheeling impulses of his associate. Now and then one wonders how the pianist can avoid lapsing into the climax of the first movement of No. 1, so closely do the sequential patterns of this one conform to those of the better-known work. However, when Zhukov gets into the capricious finale, he might as well be Sokolov or Slobodyanik, so facile is his way with it. —I.K.

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POP

SINATRA—THAT CERTAIN STYLE

by GENE LEES

He made the briefest and best evaluation of his work himself. Asked by an interviewer a few years ago what he thought his most important contribution had been, Frank Sinatra said that it was a certain way of singing, one that he hoped would not die.

What is that way of singing? And is it likely to live—or die? Now that Sinatra has announced his retirement, these questions take on additional weight. For at the heart of it, that's what Sinatra is, first, last, and always —a singer, a brilliant singer, the most original and influential of his time.

Henry Pleasants, the noted musicologist, believes Sinatra is one of the major singers of the twentieth century. Opera singers, he says, are often collectors of Sinatra records. "And believe me," he adds, "they know how good he is."

Technically, Sinatra sings wrong. He uses what is known as body voice up in registers where head tone is the more common practice. The terms are self-explanatory. They refer to placement of the sound in the body as opposed to placement of it in the forehead or even the top of the head. Sinatra hasn't used head tone much since the early 1940s. Despite the "wrongness" of his singing, it is extremely skillful.

Sinatra has at least two octaves of range, which is rather considerable for popular singing; professional songwriters observe a rule of thumb that a song's range shouldn't exceed an octave and a fourth, since most performers can't handle more than that.

Sinatra can, and to spare. But he throws his body tone up into his top notes, and Pleasants, who was himself trained in voice at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, is amazed at the way he does it, and that he does it with such authority and flair.

Few singers have recorded "My One and Only Love." It climbs a tenth in the opening five beats, and most singers find it impossibly difficult. Sinatra tossed it off effortlessly.

But it was his phrasing that set Sinatra apart from other singers almost from the beginning. He perfected a kind of Stanislavskian approach to singing, although the tendency toward it was already evident in the work of Bing Crosby and, more particularly, the late Billie Holiday, whom Sinatra (in common with other singers, particularly Peggy Lee) acknowledges as one of the sources of his style.

Stated simply, Sinatra used a natural voice, as opposed to the kind of synthetically "beautiful" sound projected by the singers left over from the beergarden and vaudeville era of popular music. The microphone made this possible.

There is a widespread tendency among laymen to equate good singing with loud singing. "You couldn't hear Sinatra for fifty feet without a microphone," they'll say. Quite true. And so what? The fact is that early opera singers hadn't much volume, either. Loud opera singing was developed as orchestras and opera houses grew larger, particularly in the nineteenth century. There is nothing inherently musical about volume: indeed, it is often antimusical.

A microphone does nothing but enlarge. It cannot correct flaws in a voice. Indeed, it is a cruelly critical evaluator of voices. Errors that pass unnoticed otherwise are horrifically exaggerated by a microphone, particularly when the line feeds into tape recording equipment. Microphones, in fact, demand better singing; they simply do not demand loud singing.

But the microphone sets up its own esthetic laws. It has the effect of putting the listener within inches of the singer and makes possible an intimacy of musical communication hitherto impossible. And "big" singing sounds oddly inappropriate in a phonograph record, as witness much of the work of Robert Goulet, although Goulet seems to have come to this understanding himself of late.

All this Sinatra understood from the beginning, and his in-close sound undoubtedly had much to do with the feeling among girl fans in the 1940s that he was singing to them as individuals, not as part of an audience.

But what really made the whole thing take off and fly was Sinatra's way of singing phrases more for the meaning of the words than for the contours of melodic lines. For example, the Rodgers and Hart song "It Never Entered My Mind" opens:

> Once I laughed when
> I heard you saying. . . .

This makes musical sense, but it sets up an unnatural speech pattern. Sinatra sings it:

> Once I laughed [*pause*]
> when I heard you saying. . . .

This displacement of a note in time is a tiny detail, but it makes all the difference, and Sinatra is the man who, if he didn't discover it, perfected this kind of phrasing.

He frequently reworks, very subtly, the musical content of a song, and, instead of objecting to this, composers are invariably delighted by it. "He's one hell of a singer," composer Harold Arlen said to me a few months ago in New York City when we were talking about Sinatra's performance of Arlen's "Come Rain or Come Shine."

Sinatra also developed a technique of tying phrases together in unusual ways. Normally, a singer pauses at the end of a musical phrase for a breath. Sinatra (who says he acquired his exceptional breathing skill by watching Tommy Dorsey play trombone) will often hold a note at the end of a phrase and sail directly into the next phrase without pause. The effect is to make of the performance a smooth and seemingly seamless whole.

Finally, Sinatra virtually invented the proper enunciation for English singing, a kind of mid-Atlantic pronunciation that removes the burrs, bumps, and uglinesses from the language. His vowels are almost Oxonian. For example, he sings the word "all" almost as "ohl." Such is his attention to detail that when a songwriter writes a false rhyme, Sinatra will slightly alter the vowels to bring the two sounds closer to true rhyme.

One of the least attractive sounds of the English language is the hard r of the northern United States and Canada. Here again, Sinatra Anglifies: He will sing the word "hard" almost as "hahd," though not quite. Aside from

(Continued on page 54)

GENE LEES is a former editor of *Down Beat* and has written lyrics for songs recorded by Frank Sinatra, including "Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars" and "Someone to Light Up My Life." This article is reprinted from *The Globe and Mail*, Toronto.

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report	
Louis Armstrong: *Louis Armstrong—July 4, 1900-July 6, 1971.* Armstrong, trumpet and vocal, with big band, sextet, and octet. RCA mono, VPM-6044, $6.98 (two discs).	With this bonanza, RCA offers very practical comfort to the vast audience that was stunned by Armstrong's death last month. The set contains no fewer than thirty-four titles recorded between 1932 and 1956, all superbly remastered by Don Miller. With the other albums in its catalogue, RCA now has available nearly everything it made with the beloved giant, including here the previously unissued "Why Doubt My Love?" It is greatly to be hoped that Columbia and Decca will	take notice and do likewise. There was always a tendency for Armstrong's records of subsequent years to be underrated in comparison with the classic Okehs of 1928; but although the big bands and other accompanying units did not have the same integrity, he himself constantly delivered gemlike solos that emphasize what Duke Ellington said in his eulogy: "He was the epitome of jazz and always will be." This is a collection that cannot be recommended too highly.
Count Basie: *Afrique.* Basie, piano; with sixteen-piece band; supplemented by: Oliver Nelson, alto saxophone, arranger, and conductor; Hubert Laws, flute; Buddy Lucas, harmonica (on one track); John B. Williams, electric bass; Warren Smith, marimba (on one track); Pablo Landrum, conga; Sonny Morgan, bongos. Flying Dutchman stereo, FD-10138, $5.95.	"Step Right Up," the opening selection, is a typical, brightly swinging Basie performance, but it leads the listener up the garden path to compositions by Albert Ayler, Pharaoh Sanders, Gabor Szabo, and the ambitious Oliver Nelson that are as alien to the band's personality as most of the arrangements. Basie has two capable flute players, but all	the solos on that instrument are, for some reason, by the imported Hubert Laws. The Latin percussion, marimba, and electric bass only encumber what is still one of the best rhythm sections in the business. Basie's own tiptoe solos and a slow, familiar-sounding blues entitled "African Sunrise" bring welcome relief on the second side.
Freddie Hubbard: *Sing Me a Song of Songmy.* Hubbard, trumpet and flugelhorn; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Kenny Barron, piano; Art Booth, bass; Louis Hayes, drums; with chorus, reciters, organ, string orchestra, "synthesized and processed sounds." Atlantic stereo, SD-1576, $5.98.	Hubbard, who has not altogether inaccurately proclaimed himself "one of the world's greatest trumpet players," works here in the context of an anti-war protest composed, arranged, and realized by Ilhan Mimaroglu. A liner of very original design contains a montage of	fascinating quotations, among which one seems particularly relevant to the unusual contents: "The eclectic approach provides the essential condition for creative freedom." The autonomy, or exclusivity, of jazz is certainly under ever-increasing pressure nowadays.
Mike Lipskin and Willie "The Lion" Smith: *California, Here I Come.* Lipskin, Smith, piano; Stan Monteiro, clarinet; Chuck Rainey, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Flying Dutchman stereo, FD-10140, $5.95.	A former pupil of "The Lion," Lipskin has always worshiped that indomitable character, along with the music and styles of Fats Waller and James P. Johnson. Their influence shows here, whether Lipskin is playing alone or in duets with	Smith, and no fewer than four of the compositions are by Johnson. Although the performances do not always jell, they come across with disarming enthusiasm and good humor. The presence of Elvin Jones is unexpected, to say the least.
Don Patterson: *Tune Up.* Patterson, organ; Virgil Jones, trumpet; Booker Ervin, Sonny Stitt, Houston Person, George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Blue Grant, guitar; Billy James, Frankie Jones, drums. Prestige stereo, 7852, $4.98.	There are four longish performances here from what appear to be four different sessions. Patterson, of course, is common to all of them, and he plays energetically and inventively throughout. He and his regular drummer, James, are a formidable team, and the barely pseu-	donymous guitarist opens the second side with a rhythmically commanding chorus. In competition, the paired saxophonists get somewhat frantic, even on a slowed-down "Flyin' Home." A very good groove is, however, maintained on the final blues.
Ma Rainey: *Queen of the Blues.* Biograph mono, BLP-12032, $5.98. *Down in the Basement.* Ma Rainey, vocal, accompanied by piano, duo, trio, quartet, quintet, and sextet. Milestone mono, MLP-2017, $4.98.	Although she was not subsequently eclipsed artistically to the same extent by her pupil, the relationship of Ma Rainey to Bessie Smith was something like that of King Oliver to Louis Armstrong. She never had the benefit of as good recording as Bessie Smith had at Columbia, but nevertheless her voice surges out from these reissues with an	authority and a beat that dominate her accompaniment no matter what its value. In each case, the album is the third by Ma Rainey on the label, so that there is now abundant evidence of her powerful, pioneering artistry. Together, the six sets complement Columbia's Bessie Smith project admirably.
Jimmy Rushing: *The You and Me That Used to Be.* Rushing, vocal; Ray Nance, cornet and violin; Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, tenor saxophone; Budd Johnson, soprano and tenor saxophones; Dave Frishberg, piano and arranger; Milt Hinton, bass; Mel Lewis, drums. RCA stereo, LSP-4566, $5.98.	There is only one blues here, and it was a sound idea to have Rushing sing some of the popular songs of the '30s. Always more than a blues singer, he is one of the very few who can truly claim to be a *jazz* singer. Frishberg, whom you can hear in an entirely different, contemporary "bag" on an album called *Oklahoma Toad* (C.T.I.-1004), plays extremely well	and sympathetically, not least on two numbers where he accompanies the singer alone. The combination of Sims and Nance on the first session proves rather more effective than that of Johnson and Cohn on the second, Johnson being confined mostly to soprano saxophone. Nance, indeed, tends to steal the record.
Various Artists: *Master Jazz Piano, Vol. 2.* Earl Hines, Jay McShann, Sir Charles Thompson, Keith Dunham, Cliff Smalls, piano. Master Jazz stereo, MJR-8108, $5.50.	As in the first collection, the aces here are Hines and McShann. Hines plays a six-minute blues and a relaxed, masterly version of "You'd Be So Easy to Love." McShann, one of the best surviving exponents of boogie-woogie, plays it with crisp authority on the first side and then turns around to surprise on the reverse with a very sensitive version of "Memories of You." Smalls, who has been working with Sy Oliver, does a	thoughtful, well-developed blues and an interpretation of "What Is This Thing Called Love?" that reveals the mind of an able arranger, which he also happens to be. Dunham shows the influence of Cliff Jackson and does "Rosetta" in galloping stride style with a great deal of humor. Although Thompson is not at his best, he is always interesting, and his true potential is never long concealed. —STANLEY DANCE.

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POP

NEW MUSIC FROM THE HILLS

by ELLEN SANDER

It's been a quiet summer. Not that there hasn't been an abundance of music released. Its prime audience hasn't been playing it very much and no wonder: There is little sound of significance at this time. The new children are fleeing the cities, and their music is gestating in rural woodsheds such as Woodstock, New York, and the rural environs of California—Topanga Canyon, Mendocino, Mill Valley. It is being born, more organic and acoustic, home-spinning its excitement rather than tapping into a high-voltage mainline of self-important pronouncements. It is leaving behind those city blues if not its backstreet roots, and while there is plentiful evidence of a new generation of pop music gestating, it just isn't ready to hit the street yet.

What there is of currently and recently released pop is flotsam filling up a polluted pool, stagnating before the fresh recycled water comes to flush it away. Bill Graham read the times right when he closed down his Fillmores. He did not arrange the end of an era, he recognized it with the same uncanny instinct with which he recognized and promoted its beginnings and period of fullest flower. But a winter garden requires a different soil. It was particularly significant that musicians interviewed at the closing concerts of the Fillmore West, when asked, "What are you going to do now, what does this mean to you?" almost unanimously replied, "We'll have to start playing on a smaller scale in smaller halls. It's about time."

Rock and roll and its movements are all about time. Now happens to be the time between, a lapse that seems to come every few years in the renewal and development of pop. Every major festival not canceled this summer was a disaster of sorts, a completely predictable turn of events; time was out of joint, and the heat was on. Still, pop pushed out on isolated frontiers. Alice Cooper surfaced as a star quite deservedly, but to an expectedly bewildered reception. The androgynous strain of his act is a theatrical enactment of the reconcilement of differences, sex being the metaphor for changing relationships in a changing society. On one cusp of pop's rising sign there is chaos; on the other, tranquillity—the yin and yang of contemporary existence and its young people who are up in the hills sorting it all out for themselves. In short, what pop culture will be is again very much underground, its organized, commercial exponent simply not yet here.

It can be found in its most primitive form, but you'd have to look under some strange stones to find it. On the Fourth of July, for example, every tiny park in every town in Marin County (San Francisco's back pasture) had a local band playing to a few hundred people who picnicked on the grass in front of them. Rock and roll came ringing down the jagged slope of Mount Tamalpais. I didn't see any bands, just some kids with instruments up there, sans electricity. It was analogous to bands like Big Brother, the Airplane, and the Dead playing in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco years back, before their records were out and they had become anything but a local crash pad household word. But those city scenes are either gone or going fast. Haight-Ashbury has reverted to a typical ghetto, but its one-time hippie inhabitants are out in the country playing pioneer. And as their environment has changed, their needs have changed, their perspectives have been reshaped, and the music they make and hear is undergoing the same changes.

A new Jefferson Airplane album (*Bark*, due for release soon) is tempered and tasty; the nicest things on it resemble the approach the Grateful Dead applied to their last two albums, *American Beauty* and *Workingman's Dead*. Any decent pop radio is playing vintage pop, spanning time from early Beach Boys to *Tea for the Tillerman*, selecting softly and sensitively and leaving currently circulated albums wisely in an unplayed pile. Pop is not what it now seems; it is not the monotonous cacophony of Grand Funk Railroad or the incessant whining of Carly Simon. Forgoing these and the like, there has been time to cleanse the soul with some Bach or Coltrane.

Only the early shreds are coming through the market place at this point, and that is as it should be, because that is how it is; formative and scattered, growing tenderly younger and hesitantly brave. New music has more space between changes, a new simplicity, a touch of the goodtime music tradition that marked American pop at its last beginning, around 1965. It's been a long wait since the last breakthrough album or performer, but of one thing I am certain: It is coming, and there will be a bit more waiting yet. These things take time.

AUDIO

AMPEX AND "INSTANT PUBLISHING"

by IVAN BERGER

Revolutions have a way of happening in parallel. Thus, "Instant Publishing," the next predicted revolution in book distribution and production, has already been matched by a milder revolution in recorded tape: Ampex's "Reel-by-Mail" service.

There are substantial differences between the two new systems. With instant publishing, books are printed in a dealer's store from microfilm masters provided by the publisher. Under the Ampex plan, tapes are custom-duplicated from standard recording sub-masters on a mail-order basis.

But both are responses to a single problem. While the inventory of titles in the catalogue explodes, the shelf space available at the dealer level shrinks. The fast-moving items from *Billboard*'s Top 40 or *The New York Times*'s best-seller list are stocked and restocked, while the serious but little-known works languish, nominally available, in warehouses somewhere.

Outside metropolitan areas, this problem afflicts the record business generally. But it afflicts tape sales most painfully, and everywhere. Since tape sales still account for only 30 per cent of the total record market, a title that might sell reasonably well on disc would be only marginally worth stocking as a tape—and a disc that barely won its keep on a dealer's shelf would be an unprofitable, and hence unstocked, rarity in tape form.

The shoe pinches hardest at its narrow end, in open-reel tape sales, the oldest but now the smallest part of the tape market. With an estimated ten million open-reel recorders in U.S. homes, only $18-million worth of reel-to-reel recordings were sold in each of the past two years. That's just $1.80 per machine.

For Ampex, the pinch was especially uncomfortable. Distributors on one tape format or another for more than a hundred record labels (Angel, London, Mercury, Nonesuch, DGG, Vanguard, among others), their warehouses bulged with 7,500 titles, 3,800 of them on open-reel. There was a market, but it was too thin to encourage dealers.

So, last December, Ampex presented

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tape enthusiasts with a new alternative, a reel-by-mail program offering 150 selections. In February, they repeated this promotion with 222 selections, and again, with 500 titles, in April.

It was a simple, straightforward deal. No minimum quantities, no service or mailing charges, no club to join —and a dollar discount on every tape after the first one. The response was such that Ampex now has opened its entire catalogue—reel, cartridge, and cassette—for mail ordering. But, as in instant book publishing, there is no stock on hand for most items. Instead, each is individually duplicated for the customer or customers desiring it.

Still, neither the concept nor the convenience of the Ampex plan can match what instant publishing may someday offer the book buyer. There is no plan as yet to have even the major-city-dweller stroll down to his friendly dealer to pick out and pick up his selection. Of course, it's that friendly dealer's current inability to stock that selection that made the Ampex plan necessary. And the master tapes and duplicators a dealer would need in order to roll his own take too much space and cost too much for any but a giant retail operation. Microfilm masters are much, much smaller.

Technology might someday bring the idea halfway to the dealer level. Half of the tape duplicating setup—the high-speed "master" duplicator and the store of master tapes it plays —would remain in regional tape centers. But the other half, the high-speed duplicator "slaves" that make the duplicate recordings, could be placed in dealer stores, linked to their masters by a high-frequency communications line. The master would play at the tape center, the slave would record in the store. And, thanks to high duplicating speeds, within minutes the customer could have the tape he wanted, in the format he desired. And one hopes, should such a situation come to pass, the regional tape centers would serve not just the Ampex labels but other companies as well.

In the meantime, the Ampex catalogue is available by mail order alone (unless you live near a very well-stocked dealer). For your copy, write Jack Woods, Ampex Music Division, 2201 Lunt Avenue, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007.

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FILM

POOR JOHNNY

by HOLLIS ALPERT

When I attended a press screening of Dalton Trumbo's *Johnny Got His Gun,* I was handed a kit that included a reprint of a column by Pete Hamill, a list of festival awards already given the film and the reasons therefor, a biography of Mr. Trumbo that dealt mainly with his political difficulties and his consequent black-listing by Hollywood, a synopsis of the film that read suspiciously like an editorial, and a statement by Trumbo that expressed his sickened indignation at the horrors of war. Having had time to absorb most of the material by the time the lights went out, I should have been in a receptive mood for the film. But, instead of finding it "a shattering experience," as Mr. Hamill did, I found it unsettling, and, I suppose, for all the wrong reasons.

While Hamill spent "a few hours in the presence of a work of art," I spent not quite two hours in the presence of a strangely old-fashioned work of moral outrage, replete with heavy symbolism, caricatures instead of character, and a message that I, for one, hardly needed. The reason for the disparity in viewing time is easily explained. Hamill saw a version privately screened last April; since then the film has been trimmed and cut and cut again. And now I'm afraid it is fated to be as much a curiosity, an anomaly in the cinematic scheme of things, as the basket case posited by Trumbo. The ironic result of all the arduous efforts to film *Johnny Got His Gun* is far less a profound sermon on the obscenities of war than a bathetic study of a man's ultimate loneliness.

The film, as written and directed by Trumbo, shifts between the "present"—with Joe Bonham lying faceless, armless, and legless in his basketlike contraption—and the "past," which depicts Joe's boyhood, youth, and young manhood. In the past, he has a mother, father, and girlfriend. In the present, he has military doctors, who regard him as "decerebrated"—which is to say, incapable of feeling—and a nurse who senses his capacity for feelings, emotions, and thought. But, when communication is established between the nurse and Joe, Trumbo goes and ruins this potentially moving relationship. The first words she traces on his chest are "Merry Christmas," as ghastly and cruel a message as anyone could possibly conceive.

Back home, so to speak, there is the father (Jason Robards, Jr.), who appears to lavish most of his affection on a handmade trout-fishing rod; the mother (Marsha Hunt), who symbolizes Mother; and the girlfriend, who bestows her body on Joe the night before he goes to war, a cliché further compounded by her father, an old IWW stalwart who, in effect, tells Joe, "Go make love to my daughter, boy" and kindly shoos them off to her bedroom. It's too thick, it's too much, and it's totally artificial. At the end, I found myself remembering not Joe Bonham but Prince Andrei in *War and Peace* and etchings by Goya. Rated by these yardsticks, *Johnny* is bad art. As film art it is simply bad.

Another recent curiosity is *Deep End,* a film written and directed by the Polish *Wunderkind* and darling of the festivals Jerzy Skolimowski, set in a sleazy bathhouse in London, and filmed largely in Munich. Skolimowski, who appears to mistake artiness for artistry, does have a film sense and, unlike Trumbo, knows how to get performances from his actors. His subject this time is the sexual obsession of a fifteen-year-old boy whose first job, in the bathhouse, puts him in proximity to a provocative attendant four or five years his senior.

The boy (John Moulder Brown) takes to following the girl (Jane Asher) around during his off hours. He molests her while she watches a porno film with her boyfriend, then accuses the man of attempting to molest him. Assuming her to be a performer in a live sex show, he carries off her life-size poster and, during the subsequent chase, takes refuge in the room of a prostitute whose leg is encased in a cast. Finally, he has his way with his love (only to find he can't) on the bottom of an empty swimming pool that, as we have been expecting, slowly begins to fill. Thereupon the film garishly gurgles down the drain.

Muddled intentions also wreck *The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker,* which finds producer Lawrence Turman on his first outing as a director. Mr. Turman had the foresight some years ago to acquire *The Graduate* by Charles Webb, who also is the author of the novel that inspired this film. The problem of the young stockbroker, as portrayed by Richard Benjamin, is a penchant for voyeurism, even though he has the lovely Joanna Shimkus as his wife. Understandably miffed, she leaves him, and the remainder of the film is devoted to his seriocomic efforts to get her back. But the situations are so strained and unlikely, the dialogue by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., so unreal, that one wonders why they made the thing.

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Svoboda

Continued from page 36

art of multi-media. Theater *means* multi-media. Gordon Craig's classic emphasis on "Action, Scene, Voice" as the essence of theater is simply a terse and vivid reminder of theater's most fundamental nature—a synthesis of varied arts, "voices," "avenues." And Svoboda is as aware as anyone else of this truth. One of his deceptively simple remarks gets close to the heart of his approach to theater as the natural habitat of multi-media: "The contrast of varied things on stage is basic to theater: The objects thereby acquire new relationships and significance, a new and different reality."

In separate essays on the uses and implications of multi-media, Susan Sontag and Michael Kirby made similar observations about the polar extremes of multi-media usage, specifically with regard to film and live performance. Sontag used the terms "document" and "hallucinant" to describe the two alternate uses of film in theater; Kirby spoke of "poles of information structure and abstract or alogical structure." In practice, of course, it is difficult to make a clear separation between the two uses; often they are really overlapping *tendencies*. As this brief survey of his work with multi-media suggests, Svoboda is probably too firmly oriented toward a traditionally social or humanistic concept of art to use multi-media for psychedelic or purely esthetic, improvisatory ends, but that does not mean that his multi-media work is limited to documentation or information. Certainly his multi-media are partly documentary and informational, but at one and the same time they also exist and affect us, as does all art, on the level of the senses, the non-rational, the evocative and metaphoric. Svoboda has taken the inherently multi-media identity of theater, experimented with it, reinforced it, and then fed it back into theater events in a series of productions spanning nearly thirty years. Chiefly by use of a seemingly endless variety of projection techniques, but also with the addition of kinetics, architectonics, and mirrors (not to speak of stereo sound), his scenography has vividly conveyed theatrical images of dramatic environment, of the complexities of dramatic action and character, and of the multiple configurations of reality.

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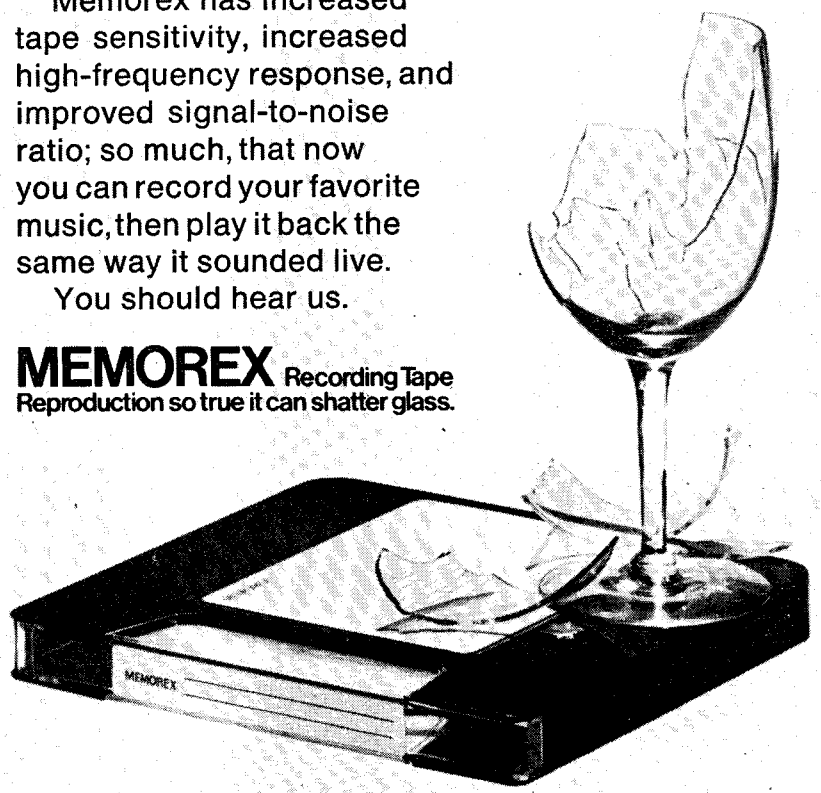

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RECORDINGS

NEW TALES OF JOSEF HOFMANN

The prodigious Polish pianist Josef Hofmann was inimitable. He set his own standard; he played like no one before him and no one since. His brand of pianism could never have served as the basis for a school, nor did he represent the outgrowth of one style or another. He and his playing were unto themselves, so more's the pity that he left so little recorded documentation of his long career. For years, a few private collectors harbored copies of his Golden Jubilee Concert of November 28, 1937, recorded in the Metropolitan Opera House (solo portions *were* released commercially by Columbia). Now the International Piano Library has come forth with a complete two-record set of that historic pre-war evening (IPL 5001/2, $15, available from the IPL, 215 W. 91st Street, New York, N.Y. 10024).

Hofmann was, in some ways, an enigma. He was the first of the moderns in that he rejected the excesses of the nineteenth-century showmen and went back to the music itself, instead of reveling in self-extravagance. Although seemingly a purist, he possessed an extraordinary technique that he was not modest about exhibiting. There was nothing his pair of hands could not do: *Forte* passages welled up from deep within the keyboard, quick filigree patterns were airborne, his dynamic range encompassed the full piano spectrum, his right hand was the executor of an exquisite singing tone, and his left hand was remarkable for its independence and staying power.

His interpretations—at least to judge by the current IPL release, the same organization's release of the two Chopin concertos, and a recent Victrola album (VIC-1550) of his 1935 cuttings and a 1938 live performance from Philadelphia—all have an air of improvisation, of chance-taking when the spirit moved him. His security and confidence, musically and technically, were such that he could experiment with tempos, rubatos, and phrasing during a performance. No work was ever played the same way twice. Sometimes he gives the impression of an offhand nonchalance, or of indulging his pianism (daredevil speed, especially) at the expense of a truly personal involvement with the music. Perhaps that is one of the penalties of commanding such pianistic fluency. He believed that technique, developed to a superterrestrial plateau, must travel in hand with beautiful tone; so his work is marked with a painterly richness of color.

All these things and more (including some awesome slips, not uncommon for a man of sixty) are to be heard on this extraordinary celebration album. The program managed to touch many bases in Hofmann's career. The *pièce de résistance* is Anton Rubinstein's D-minor Concerto, which the young Hofmann studied with the composer and played under his direction for his own re-debut in 1894. There is the *Caprice Espagnole* of Moszkowski, with whom he also studied. There is a Chopin group, not unlike the one he played at his American debut at the Met in 1887. And as head of the Curtis Institute in this later phase of his life, he had on stage with him the Curtis Student Orchestra conducted by one of its most illustrious maestros of the period, Fritz Reiner. It's interesting to note that the ranks were graced with such Philadelphia Orchestra (and Curtis faculty) personnel as Alexander Hilsberg, William Kincaid, Marcel Tabuteau, Saul Caston; such Curtis graduates as Oscar Shumsky, Robert Bloom, Louis Gesensway, Samuel Mayes, Edna Phillips; and such students as Rafael Druian, Leonard Rose, and Nathan Stutch.

The concert opens with Reiner's spine-tingling account of Brahms's *Academic Festival Overture*, full of grandeur, power, and rhythmic rightness. After a brief speech by Walter Damrosch, recalling the prodigy's debut fifty years before, Hofmann launches into the declamatory Rubinstein Concerto with its bittersweet first theme. After that majestic beginning there are his ultimate tonal and technical mastery, the full dynamic range, the finely weighted scales and arpeggios, all the inner voices logically and clearly stated. The Romantic *legato* of the second movement is delivered with delicacy and ease, with not a trace of sentimentality; and the Slavic chase of the final *allegro* gives full rein to his glittering technique. Hofmann's performance is testament enough for keeping this music in currency.

Hofmann is synonymous with Chopin, and the nine offerings run the full scope of musical statements, albeit occasionally quirky and willful in his hands. There are the suspended aureole of the G-minor Ballade, the tonally supple trills and ornaments of the Nocturne (Opus 9, No. 2), and the brilliant climax of the Opus 42 Waltz. That complete autonomy of the left hand provides the flowing current under the right-hand melody of the *Andante Spianato*, while he contrasts this superbly with a steely, dazzling *Grande Polonaise*. Again in the Nocturne (Opus 15, No. 2) there is a marvelous improvisatory quality to his phrasing and ornaments—followed by the lightning speed of the Waltz (Opus 64, No. 2), the jauntily humorous Etude (Opus 25, No. 9), and the finely etched singing line and suspended atmosphere of the Berceuse. His articulation is a marvel; never is there a blur of notes in the feathery scales and arpeggios.

—*Bettmann Archive*

Josef Hofmann (1937)—"ultimate tonal and technical mastery."

Hofmann the composer-pianist is present in a strong performance of his "duologue for piano and orchestra," *Chromaticon*, which attempts to contrast austerity and nobility. It may have sounded quite advanced in its day, but now it is merely turgid. And, finally, a round of Hofmann encores: a gossamer Mendelssohn *Spinning Song*, a flashy Rachmaninoff Prelude (Opus 23, No. 5), Rubinstein's transcription of Beethoven's "Turkish March" from *The Ruins of Athens*, and, lastly, the spectacular *Caprice Espagnole*, wrong notes and all. The sound (from the "Mother" source) is limited in range but, considering the period and source, remarkable for its definition of the solo piano. IPL has supplied a handsome reproduction of the 1937 souvenir program as well, with letters from President Roosevelt (who as a boy attended Hofmann's debut) and Hofmann himself, tributes from critics, "who's who" committee lists, photographs, and Hofmann's debut program. History does indeed come alive in this superlative album.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

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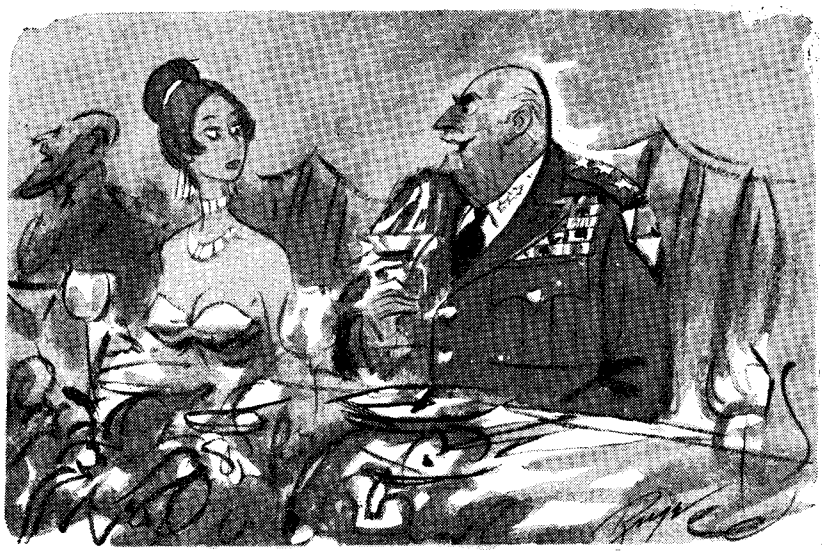
From Alban to Helene

Continued from page 39

version of Berg's *Letters to His Wife,* Dr. Franz Willnauer, has come away with something less than total esteem for his pains. Dr. Willnauer worked from typed copies prepared under the direction of Berg's eighty-year-old widow and was permitted neither to check their authenticity by comparing them with the autographs nor to determine the scope and significance of passages and letters that Mrs. Berg chose not to release for publication. Differences between Mrs. Berg and the editor, presumably concerning an introductory note on the editorial procedures, led Mrs. Berg to ban not only the note but also Dr. Willnauer's footnotes to the letters and his forty-page commentary. The German edition omits Dr. Willnauer's name altogether, contains no editorial notes, no footnotes, no commentary, and no index. The reader is left to figure out for himself that "Almschi" is Alma Mahler, widow of the composer and a close friend of the Bergs; that "Gucki" is her daughter, Anna, not to be confused with Helene's sister, Anna, who is called "Antschi"; and that Berg often referred to his mother by her nickname, "Jeanette."

The editor and translator of the English edition, Bernard Grun, has converted Berg's often colloquial Viennese German into smooth and natural English. He has provided an index, maps of Vienna and Austria that pinpoint the places most frequently mentioned in the letters, and a chronology. Of the 569 letters in the German edition, eighty-one have been entirely omitted and many of the others have been considerably shortened. Some of the deleted material is not as "repetitive" and insignificant as Mr. Grun implies in his editorial remarks. There are several statements in the editor's biographical data that require revision. The poem with which Berg begins the first letter to Helene is the text of a song that he had just composed, or was just about to compose, not one that he had composed seven years earlier. Berg could not have spent several years working on the libretto of *Wozzeck* before he began to compose the opera, as the libretto is practically identical with Landau's adaptation of the original Franzos edition of Büchner's play. The chronology mentions an attempt at suicide when Berg was seventeen. The only source is the biography by Reich, who refers, without any further elaboration whatever, to "a love affair which culminated in a suicide attempt in the autumn of 1903." With whom was Berg in love? How did he attempt suicide? Who told Reich about it? If his source was reliable, why has he so little to tell us? Perhaps this "suicide attempt," if any, was only an adolescent gesture that should not be treated as a significant biographical detail. On page 277 the translator has Berg unaccountably warning Helene not to tell Schoenberg's wife that he is working on the score of *Wozzeck,* because "her husband thinks I'm working on the libretto." The book that the translator mistakenly refers to as a "libretto" is one that Berg planned to do on Schoenberg, a project that did not progress beyond the planning stage.

Berg's *Letters to His Wife* are a vivid personal journal, the private, yet eloquent, record of the experiences and thoughts of a creative genius living in an extraordinary place at an extraordinary time. They reveal a complex and fascinating personality, utterly consistent with the man who could compose *Wozzeck* and *Lulu.*



"No, Madam, as a child I was not permitted so much as a water pistol."

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FINALLY—A TIPPETT OPERA

by HERBERT WEINSTOCK

For more than sixteen years, the British reputation of *The Midsummer Marriage*, an opera by Michael—now Sir Michael—Tippett (born 1905) has been drifting intermittently westward across the Atlantic. Staged at Covent Garden on January 27, 1955, the opera had reached seven performances there when it was dropped after the 1956-57 season. Unlike nearly all recent full-length operas, however, it was sleeping rather than dead. A BBC Third Programme live broadcast on January 13, 1963, indicated stirrings in that sleep. And on April 10, 1968, *The Midsummer Marriage* reappeared at Covent Garden in a new production and with a largely new cast (it was heard there again in July 1970). In the thirteen years since the premiere, Tippett's second full-length opera, *King Priam*, also had been staged both in London and in Germany; his third, *The Knot Garden*, was heard at Covent Garden on December 2, 1970. In British estimation, then, he clearly was the most appreciable operatic composer to appear among Englishmen since Benjamin Britten. Our side of the Atlantic meanwhile went Tippett-less, operatically speaking. Now Philips, in association with The British Council and The Arts Council of Great Britain, has issued a substantially complete recording of *The Midsummer Marriage* (6703 027, $17.94), and finally it is possible for those of us who stay at home and do not collect "underground" recordings to reach a temporary, necessarily partial judgment of it.

As all along has been made clear by both the refulgent praise and the negative votes recorded by the London critics, *The Midsummer Marriage* is, in the etymological sense of the adjective, an eccentric opera. Largely tonal and only very mildly dissonant, and endlessly inventive orchestrally and rhythmically, Tippett's score is the outgrowth of a libretto (his own) stirring together mystical pseudophilosophical scraps, flakes of Wagner (notably *Parsifal*), pinches of the libretto of *The Magic Flute*, and tablespoonfuls of Hofmannsthal, especially the librettos of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* and *Die ägyptische Helena*, from which that "crystal ball with a voice" called The All-Knowing Mussel has slipped in, disguised. Not satisfied with that high flavoring, Tippett added soupçons of Jung, Hinduism, Arthurian legend, and psychosexual theorizing. The names of a few of his principal characters supply some clues into, but not out of, this rather dense maze. Mark and Jenifer, for example—are they King Mark and Queen Guinevere? King Fisher, the businessman-"villain"—the Fisher King? Is Sosostris, the clairvoyant, meant to remind us of T. S. Eliot and *The Waste Land*? Are the He-Ancient and She-Ancient out of Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*? As Desmond Shawe-Taylor wrote (*The Sunday Times*, London, April 14, 1968): "Having been seized by his primal vision—a vision so strong and pure that it must be called an inspiration—Tippett proceeded to embody it in an action than which even the notoriously indulgent world of opera can show little that is more confused and inept."

To this disaffecting olla-podrida, which Tippett unquestionably took in naïve but refreshing earnest, he marvelously mated a score that is often brilliantly expressive and never less than interesting. But just as his unfortunate libretto can only remind us of six or seven obvious, disparate sources, so this music is uncomfortably full of echoes, the more noticeable because he here seems to have no forceful melodic individuality or harmonic personality, but only—and this element is truly remarkable—a mastery of apt, constantly shifting rhythms. Curiously, the expected influence of Britten is not obvious. But one hears more than echoes of Wagner (notably of the *Ring* and *Parsifal*), of Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast*, of *Der Rosenkavalier* (especially the "Presentation" of the Silver Rose) and *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (the Falcon's theme), and of *The Rake's Progress*. How much this score can come to seem an anthology spaced out with original Tippett, even to an enthusiast for the opera, was indicated when Andrew Porter wrote of it (*Opera*, London, March 1955): "The curious thing is that cross-rhythms like those of Purcell's Fantasies on the one hand, and Gustav Holst's resolute *ostinatos* and diatonic crashes on the other, should have crossed to produce something which is often very like [Hindemith's] *Mathis der Maler*."

Nonetheless, even a semifinal, personal verdict must wait upon a much-desired chance to watch a stage performance of *The Midsummer Marriage*. Of the present recording, one can say that the solo singers and the Orchestra and Chorus of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, are conducted superbly by Colin Davis. The cast of principals is (or, in some instances, very nearly is) first-rate: Joan Carlyle (Jenifer), Elizabeth Harwood (Bella), Helen Watts (Sosostris), Elizabeth Bainbridge (the She-Ancient), Alberto Remedios (Mark), Raimund Herincx (King Fisher), Stuart Burrows (Jack), and Stafford Dean (the He-Ancient). When, at a very few climactic junctures, the text-words become literally rather than figuratively incomprehensible, the fault lies not with the conductor, the singers, or the recording engineers, but with slight miscalculations on the composer's part. Because important strands of plot involve dancers, *The Midsummer Marriage* loses an unusually important element when invisible (also, cuts were made in the three crucial ritual dances in Act II). But as part of the excellent brochure with which Philips has supplied the three records, we have the endorsement of Tippett himself: "The performance has an authority and radiance only possible where there is both knowledge and love. The whole recording from my point of view is quite splendid." With all the reservations we may feel about his opera, we cannot refuse to take his word about this performance.

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1g, *Social Contract*. 2e, *Rights of British America*. 3i, *Locksley Hall*. 4j, *Civil Disobedience*. 5h, *Sceptical Essays*. 6c, *Elegy*. 7a, *Little Black Boy*. 8b, *Man Was Made to Mourn*. 9d, *Song of the Shirt*. 10f, Letter to Speed.

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Letters to the MultiMedia Editor

Sketches and Label

I APPRECIATE greatly Thomas Heinitz's "Recording the Beethoven Sketchbooks" [*SR*, July 31] and—without having heard them—would agree with the author that he (and I) would find it difficult to believe that "this compelling exposition of Beethoven's creative process . . . can fail to fascinate countless music-lovers the world over."

There is only one omission: When and on what label will these recordings be available here?

DR. HANS A. ILLING,
Inglewood, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This information is not yet available. It will be printed as soon as it is.*

Beethoven's Potboilers

The article by Thomas Heinitz was interesting; but midway he writes that "[recordings of the Beethoven Sketchbooks will] prove of far greater interest to the *more perceptive* music lovers than recordings of Beethoven's potboilers to which such attention was paid during 1970." We have in Birmingham a musician who says, "It is generally known to musicians that any number of the Beethoven works are rather dismal piano clattering."

The effrontery of this kind of thing would appear sadder than it is if it were not made hideous by the "piano clatterings" and orchestral cheapies turned out by contemporary individuals mistakenly convinced that they are composers.

FLETCHER GRAY,
Birmingham, Ala.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Beethoven himself deplored, in later years, some of the music he published in his youth.*

The Armstrong Funeral

WILLIS CONOVER'S "The Funeral of Louis Armstrong" [*SR*, July 31] is the worst piece of maudlin sentimentality that has ever appeared in your otherwise sensible magazine. Your writers should show some semblance of control.

H. P. FINGER,
Jackson, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See comment below.*

"Unknown" Conover

IT MIGHT have been well to point out that the "unknown" in the photograph with Governor Rockefeller at Louis Armstrong's funeral was the author of *SR*'s excellent piece about the funeral, Willis Conover. Mr. Conover is by no means an unknown to the millions who hear his broadcasts on the Voice of America or to members of the jazz community.

The Saturday evening following Louis's death, Conover converted a Town Hall concert he was producing into an Armstrong tribute. It was done with Conover's customary taste and sense of form, and it concluded with the house lights out and the unforgettable Armstrong voice filling the auditorium, first in monologue by way of segments from an interview about his life and friends, then in song with "Sleepy Time Down South."

Coming at the end of an emotional week for any Armstrong admirer, it was a moving and memorable experience, and Conover deserves the thanks of all who attended.

DOUGLAS A. RAMSEY,
Bronxville, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "unknown" in the caption referred, of course, to the anonymous mourner at right bearing a floral tribute.*

Americans on the Podium

RE: THE EDITOR'S reply to David Fetter's letter in the July 31 issue, some additions (and a correction) are in order on the matter of American conductors of U.S. orchestras.

Milton Katims is conductor of the Seattle Symphony, not in Portland, where the orchestra is known as the Oregon Symphony. It too has an American conductor, Jacques Singer. Nor is *SR*'s roster complete. Michael Tilson Thomas, given the indisposition and obligations in Pittsburgh of William Steinberg, has been performing functions in Boston quite beyond those ordinarily expected of an associate conductor; he has, moreover, recently been designated music director of the Buffalo Philharmonic, a post vacated by Lukas Foss, who, though foreign-born, is American in training and outlook.

The list of Americans should also include Izler Solomon (Indianapolis), Kenneth Schermerhorn (Milwaukee), Samuel Jones (Rochester), and Victor Alessandro (San Antonio).

When a similar study is made of the smaller orchestras, of which the Oregon Symphony is one, the roster of Americans is equally strong.

PHILIP HART,
Santa Fe, N.M.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As a valued contributor to* SR*'s Toscanini symposium (March 25, 1967), Conductor Katims is hereby restored to his proper place in Seattle. The listing otherwise was framed in terms of "major" orchestras.*

Heifetz and Handel

THE REPLY to H. P. Lyon of Erie, Pennsylvania, to his question concerning the Passacaglia played on Jascha Heifetz's TV program [*SR*, July 31] was incomplete. I would refer Mr. Lyon to an old gramophone recording: Halvorsen: "Passacaglia" (from Handel's Harp Suite No. 7 in G minor); Victor 1-8151-A; Jascha Heifetz, violin; William Primrose, viola.

Many of us think, by the way, that the recording remains one of the greatest in existence.

ANDOR KLAY,
Washington, D.C.

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Sinatra

Continued from page 45

the clarity of his singing, there is an extraordinarily beautiful use of the English language in Sinatra's work, a pleasure to hear in itself.

There is a peculiarity about some of Sinatra's consonants, particularly the letter r when it follows a d or t (but also after b and p). D and t are dentalized, the r that follows is softened, almost to a lisped w sound.

Think of the way he would sing "try" or "dream." The sound is probably rooted in his New York-New Jersey-Italian upbringing. You can hear it in the work of actor Richard Conte, another Italian-American. But, then again, you hear it in the pronunciations of the late John Garfield, and he was Jewish. It's a New York kind of thing, no doubt attributable to the melting-pot effect of the city and its environs.

These are some of the technical details of Sinatra's work. They do not take into consideration the intense dramatic impact of it.

In brief, Sinatra raised the singing of the tiny popular song to the level of an art form. Indeed, he, more than any other singer, discovered what a treasury of true art American popular music really is and showed it to the world. He revolutionized singing, made it an intense, immediate, naturalistic art.

But Sinatra created problems for the singers who came up after him, particularly male singers. Indeed, he put them in an impossible position. If you don't phrase like him, it seems wrong. If you do phrase like him, you sound like him. Then there's his lovely enunciation: Once you've heard it, you know it's the right way to mouth the English language. But embrace it, and you sound even more like him. If on the other hand you studiously avoid his influences, you may end up sounding stiff, synthetic, and devoid of character.

In the end, the only thing for singers to do—thoughtful ones, anyway—has been to surrender to his influence, let their own stylistic preferences evolve in a natural way, and allow their own voice qualities to set them apart from Sinatra. This is what Steve Lawrence, Jack Jones, Matt Monroe, and Tony Bennett, among others, have done.

What about Sinatra's hope that his innovations will not die? Since Gresham's law operates in esthetics as well as economics, and bad art does indeed drive out good, the conquest by mediocrity will probably continue.

In that case, Sinatra's influence will no doubt die. But he was there, and he was magnificent, and as a Toronto journalist of seeming toughness said recently: "He's become the surrogate for every one of us tongue-tied males."

"If there is any justice, the future of this planet belongs to the koala bears. This is only one of a number of incisive and philosophical comments I intend to make during the course of the evening."

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(Continued on page 56)

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(Continued from page 55)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1951

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Wife of Jacob	19 30 55 72 88 115
B. Neglect, slip; direction, management	116 100 109 144 170 172 42 133 105
C. Raillery	59 73 77 90 99 151
D. Rumanian poet (1850-89)	121 14 68 81 118 137 143 102
E. Gypsy	156 166 29 33 36 47
F. "— phrases, silken terms precise." ("Love's Labour's Lost")	71 85 142 9 18 79 107
G. Fair to look upon; pleasing in appearance	177 10 48 52 60 120
H. Declared, alleged	146 7 76 124 164 169 173 34
I. Egyptian saint (d. 348?) the first to set up a cenoby	162 175 4 97 128 106 148 139 87
J. Uncritically, without proof (2 wds.)	101 113 21 56 136 147 154
K. Hel (Norse myth)	160 91 63 67 171 2 94 111
L. Pedal Unguis	126 131 140 150 152 98 119
M. Partial	178 3 12 64 51 58 28

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Spritely	40 46 84 127 11
O. — Field, scene of battle, 1461, where Edward IV defeated the Lancastrians	132 149 38 135 25 45
P. Irreligious or unenlightened	158 23 49 153 32 43 69
Q. Arouse to a high degree of feeling	75 129 167 27 159 93 24
R. Strives against; withstands	53 61 95 104 110 165 92
S. Signifies	41 65 16 80 130 134 103
T. Soluble guncotton	57 179 22 37 122 83 86 89 117 66
U. Near the beginning of a period of time	54 163 174 82 13
V. Transfer or divert; estrange	6 39 168 145 31 161 74 155
W. Type of line popular in the '40's	96 62 50 70 114
X. Something that causes dullness or inaction or soothes the feelings	44 125 8 15 157 20
Y. Crosspatches; eccentrics	123 176 112 26 108 138
Z. Show servile deference	35 78 17 5 141 1

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

							1 Z	2 K		3 M	4 I	5 Z		6 V	7 H		8 X	9 F							
	10 G	11 N	12 M	13 U		14 D	15 X	16 S		17 Z	18 F	19 A	20 X		21 J	22 T	23 P							
24 Q		25 O	26 Y	27 Q	28 M		29 E	30 A	31 V		32 P	33 E	34 H		35 Z	36 E	37 T							
38 O	39 V	40 N	41 S	42 B	43 P		44 X	45 O	46 N	47 E		48 G	49 P	50 W		51 M	52 G							
53 R	54 U		55 A	56 J	57 T	58 M	59 C	60 G	61 R		62 W	63 K		64 M	65 S	66 T	67 K							
68 D	69 P	70 W		71 F	72 A	73 C	74 V		75 Q	76 H		77 C	78 Z	79 F		80 S	81 D							
82 U	83 T		84 N	85 F	86 T	87 I	88 A		89 T	90 C		91 K	92 R		93 Q	94 K	95 R							
96 W	97 I	98 L	99 C	100 B	101 J	102 D	103 S		104 R	105 B		106 I	107 F	108 Y	109 B	110 R								
111 K	112 Y	113 J		114 W		115 A	116 B	117 T	118 D	119 L	120 G		121 D	122 T	123 Y	124 H	125 X							
126 L	127 N	128 I	129 Q		130 S	131 L		132 O	133 B	134 S		135 O	136 J	137 D	138 Y	139 I	140 L							
	141 Z	142 F		143 D	144 B	145 V	146 H	147 J	148 I	149 O	150 L		151 C	152 L	153 P	154 J	155 V							
156 E		157 X	158 P	159 Q	160 K		161 V		162 I	163 U	164 H	165 R		166 E	167 Q		168 V							
169 H	170 B		171 K	172 B	173 H	174 U	175 I	176 Y	177 G	178 M	179 T													

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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America's Favorite Cigarette Break
Benson & Hedge
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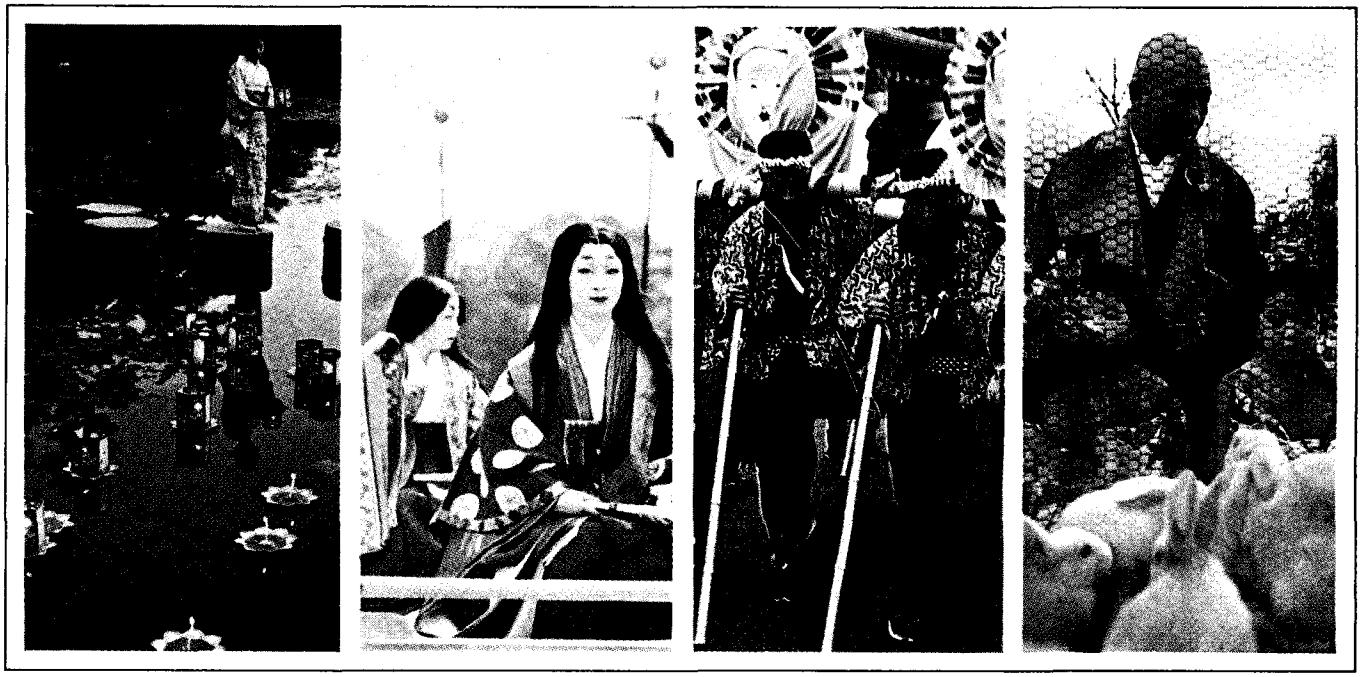
Come for the festival season

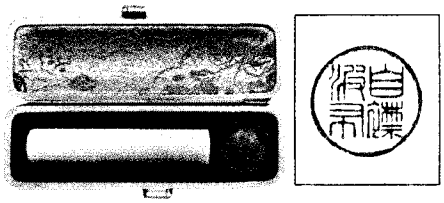


In Japan you come upon festivals everywhere. Each colored by its own delightful legend. Candle-lit lanterns float on a quiet stream. Elegant pageants commemorate a page of local history. Whole villages turn out on parade. Traditionally dressed children thank animals for their fur with gifts of food.

Or perhaps you'll discover a tiny street fair around the corner from your new western-style hotel. Big or small, you're bound to sight a celebration almost any day in Japan. With costumes and customs from another era. In delightful contrast to the bustling present.

It's all part of the charm of visiting Japan, where the old and the new happily blend. Travel by luxurious jet to a town where time stands still and the houses are festooned with bright streamers for the ancient Summer Star festival.

Stay in a 17th-century *ryokan* (inn) and enjoy ham and eggs for breakfast. Feast your eyes on shops loaded with cameras, pearls, silks. Indulge in a



unique *han* seal with your own name delicately engraved in Japanese characters. Or just down the street, join the owner of the tiny antique shop in tea and sweet *senbei* crackers before he shows you his treasures.

For the festivals aren't the only thing that's old in Japan. So is the tradition of hospitality. You'll feel as welcome as a personal guest wherever you go.

Ask your travel agent about what's happening in Japan this year, and arrange to be a part of it. And ask us for our free new edition of "Your Guide to Japan." Then pack your bags and prepare for a real holiday—every day.

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